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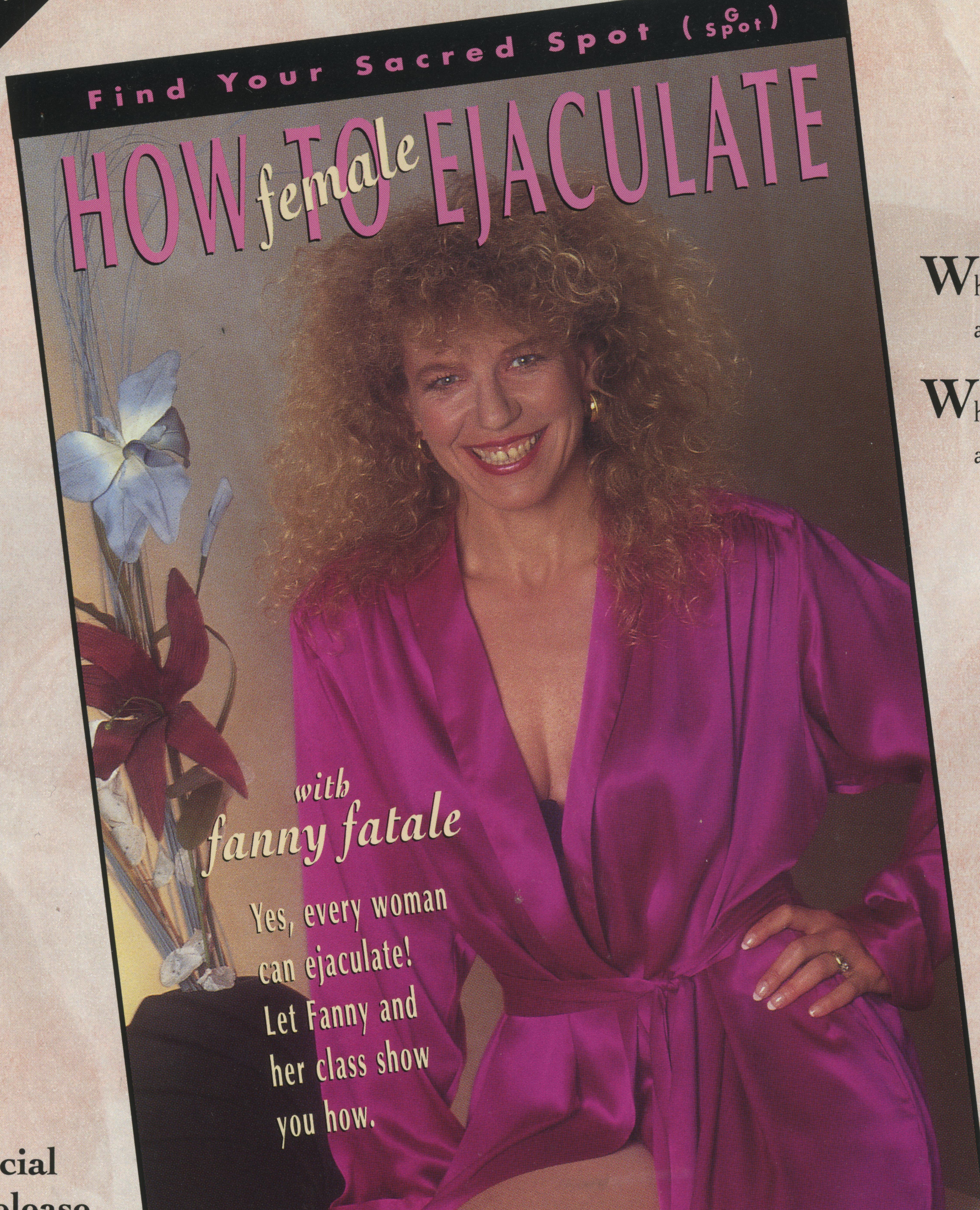
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Photography by Phyllis Christopher

FATALE

Dear Friend:

Fatale Video started lesbian erotic videos because we wanted rarely-seen lesbian sexual images celebrated and visible. Our goal is to convey real-life lesbian sex which lesbians can appreciate and relate to. Lesbians are on the vanguard of sexual expression, and *Fatale* gives voice to the many types, characters, fantasies, and sex techniques that make up the vast range of lesbian love.

Clits Up! Nan Debi

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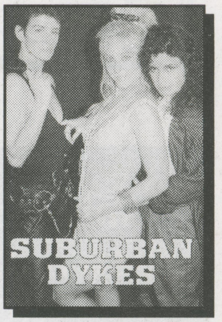
PRIVATE PLEASURES

Hungry Hearts



SHADOWS Terri and Caerage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Caerage leads butch Terri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing end in a blow out orgasm in a sling.

HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire.

PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Terri and blonde, femme bombshell Caerage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whip cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you.

CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise.

SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy.

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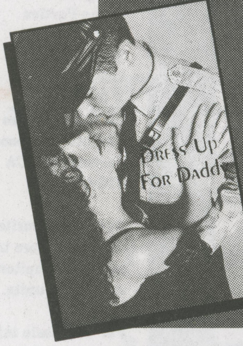
Fatale started an amateur line called Dykestyles, because so many real life lesbian couples wanted to enact their private sexual fantasies and activities on camera for other dykes to watch and enjoy.



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ON OUR BACKS

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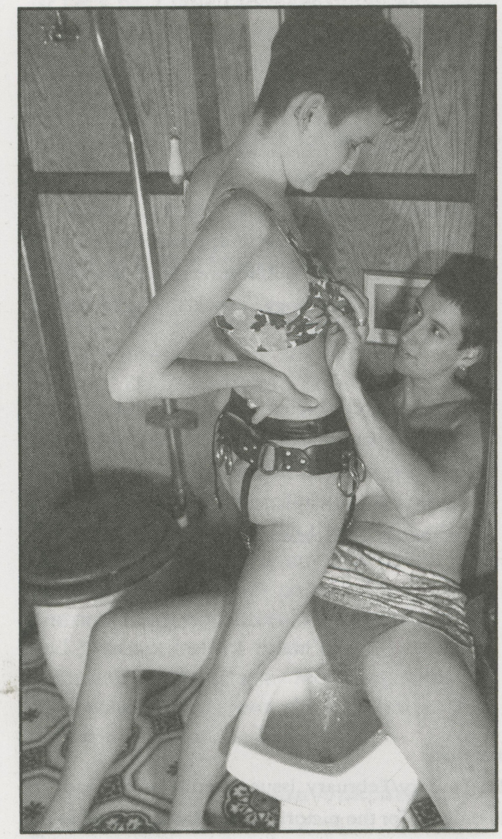
INSIDE ON OUR BACKS

Vol.8 No.4 March/April 1992

Sex, Drugs & Video in Amsterdam, page 20



Brassiere Madness, page 16

columns

5 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

9 ASK FANNY . . . Fanny Fatale
Stripping for Lovers

10 CLIT CULTURE . . . Pat Califia
A Butch-Eye View of Femmes

12 CENSORSHIP UPDATE & NEWS NOTES . . . Marcy Sheiner

15 SEXPOINT . . . Marlayna Dawson
Talking Dirty to your Lover on the Phone

36 REVIEWS

features and fiction

20 GOING DUTCH . . . blaise bahara
Amsterdam Gay and Lesbian Film Festival

28 THE STRENGTH OF TREES . . . Anna Svahn
The Power of Submission

30 DRESSING ROOM ENCOUNTER . . . Kathleen Bear Johnston
She Shopped 'Til She Dropped

pictures

16 BRASSIERE MADNESS . . . Amy Marquez
The Many Functions of Bras

23 FLANNEL FETISH FEVER . . . Phyllis Christopher
Bring Back the Flannel!

32 OFFSTAGE IN LONDON . . . Laurence
Seeing and Being Seen

4 CONTRIBUTORS

46 THE SAPPHONE—VOICE MAIL PERSONALS

cover Amber, Elissa and Stephanie wrapped in flannel.
Photographed by Phyllis Christopher
More photos, page 23.

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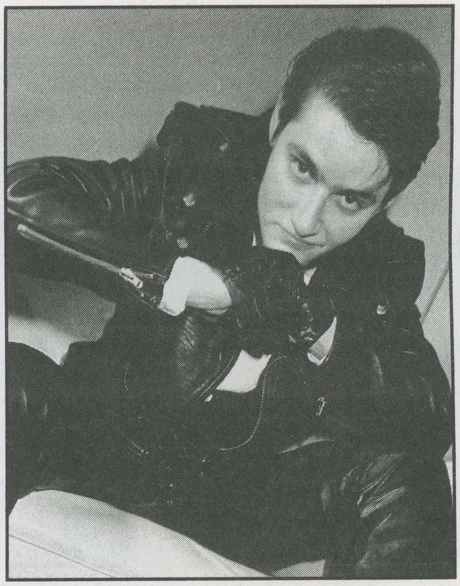
CONTRIBUTORS

Karin Lowenthal has a BFA in Illustration and Painting. She's a stubborn, sensuous Taurus who loves her sexy, sunny, Leo biker Queen.

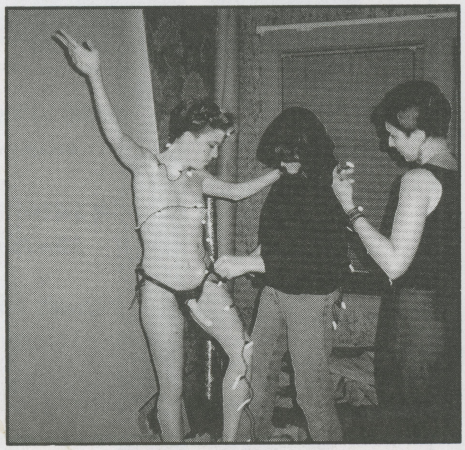
Kathleen Bear Johnston is an occasional writer who believes that having hot sex and eating chocolate are the best possible pastimes for womankind. She resides in Buffalo, New York and is in search of the island of Lesbos.

Anna Svahn is a New York-based writer who works as an editor in Manhattan and lives alone in a plant-filled apartment in Park Slope, Brooklyn.

Laurence's portrait, fashion, and photojournalism was recently exhibited in Covent Garden, London. Her work is aimed at portraying lesbians as "normal everyday people."



Karin Lowenthal illustrates the lean & mean look

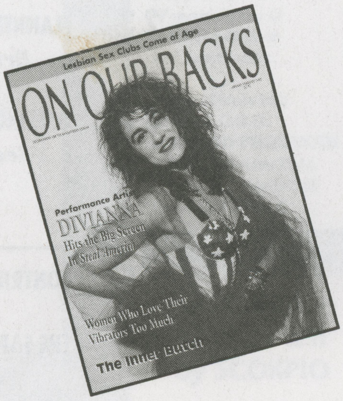


Starlene being exploited for our ad department

Marlayna Dawson is the pseudonym of a certain Editin' 'Ho—that's a woman who prostitutes herself for words.

Jennifer Camper is a New York cartoonist whose biweekly comic appears nationally in lesbian and gay publications. She is severely allergic to astrology, crystals, vegetarianism, and Birkenstocks.

Starlene celebrates her first birthday as *On Our Backs'* house ad model. She continues to put herself into compromising positions in order to sell the magazine, and aspires to be a calendar girl someday.



Correction:

In the January/February issue, credits were inadvertently omitted for the pictorial of **Diviana,** as well as for the photo that accompanied her fiction on page 28. All photos were by **Tracy Mostovoy.** We apologize for this unfortunate oversight. And as you can see, we now know how to spell Diviana's name.

—The Editors

CHEAP SHOTS . . . .

I was taken aback and offended by the description of contributor Allya Canepa as a deer hunter. Including that information as part of her description implies acceptance, if not outright approval, of hunting. Hunting is a vicious, male, hierarchic activity which causes great and prolonged suffering to millions of animals. Please be more sensitive to the rights of non-human animals and the opinions of the humans who work for animal rights.

Nancy Draper
Brooklyn, NY

Shame on you—advocating murdering animals in cold blood for the fun of it, as you did with Allya Canepa's photo. Don't you know what violence is? Let's be a little more sensitive. As lesbian women we need to not adhere to hierarchic structures which allow men to be first and animals last. Let's all be free—no more hunting. Don't make your good magazine cheap!

Maria Steinberg
Boston, MA

A SAFE PICTURE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS

Now that you are giving lip service to the concept of safer sex between women, it's important to say with pictures what you say in print. Let's see safer sex practices in every photo spread! The last two issues have shown barrierless penetration. This 1) is definitely uncool, 2) risks the health of the models, and of women who see these activities in your pages and perform them unprotected in the world, and 3) is not hot for those of us committed to safer sex. Modeling safer sex in the public arena shows women that safer sex can be hot sex.

Lou
San Francisco, Ca

PANTY POWER . . . . . .

Panties *are* powerful. (*Panties I Have Known*, Nov/Dec 91). Mine were first removed when I was a girl of nine (at camp, where else?) by a woman much older than me (yes, I loved it; no, I was not abused.) After that experience and well before I succeeded in taking off a girl's panties, I would sneak into my mother's and my two older sisters' worn panties to smell and taste. They never knew how I loved them. My present lover shares my passion, enticing me with what's embedded in the crotch of her panties, even during her period.

ANNIE SPRINKLE

Pantied, wet and spread,
Kim Eng,
Denver, CO

I enjoyed every morsel of your November/December issue, especially Vicky Phillips' *Sexpoint*. Panties is one of my favorite subjects, and she so deliciously served up all my feelings and thoughts. I'll add getting one's tush warmed inside them before they come down and off. Maybe someone can now tackle bras, or, heaven forbid, girdles! And, of course, stockings—colors, textures, lengths, support, and all that good stuff.

Your extension of our subscriptions due to past failures was almost as good as each of you being punished for our enjoyment.

Janice Mack
Myrtle Beach, SC

Your wish is our command—see page 16 for the delights of bras. —The Editors

LUSTING FOR FLESH . . . . .

I enjoy your magazine, and respect the fact that you strive to please so many different women's tastes, but now it's time for me to put my two cents in. I want to see some fat dykes! Fat women are incredibly sexy, with their voluptuous curves and hot, round bodies. My fantasies simply aren't fueled by your usual stick-thin, anorexic centerfolds. So now you have another woman to please. I'm sure *On Our Backs* is up to it.

Monica I. Persson
Seattle, Wa

Oh girl go on! You know how to talk to your tops to get them to deliver, don't you! We agree with you 100% and we're working on it (we can't leave you unsatisfied). If any voluptuous women would like to pose erotically for the On Our Backs *audience please send a SASE and request a model application. Also, photographers take note! Get those curvy gals naked for us! —The Editors*

JILLING TO THE COMMERCIALS . . .

Yeah, yeah, your spreads have been great and all that, but you know what I've been liking lately? Your ads. The Lifestyle B.B.S. ad's illustration is hot. ➤

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☐ I already have a sub, please extend.

Photography by Phyllis Cristopher

Then across the page is the studdliest butch in the Female Focus ad. I could dig my nails into her biceps! The bottom of the ad says, "...photographs of women tastefully presented." What does that mean? No good cunt shots? No good strap on scenes? What is behind that zipper?

Jill
New Orleans

WILL THE REAL WITCH PLEASE STAND UP

A nylon pointed hat does not a witch make. Calling an erotic pictorial shot outdoors *Sex Magic* doesn't make it that either, and as a Witch I am extremely offended. If either Ms. Sprinkle or the models are Witches, their Priestess needs to discuss with them the difference between a ritual and an orgy.

Was the copy accompanying the article actually supposed to educate your readers? It did them and Witches a grave disservice. The Goddess—whom you also failed to capitalize—is an internal force as well as an external one. "Invoking the spirits" sounds more like a seance than a ritual and is a religious giveaway: in Pagan and Wiccan religious beliefs, energies are reborn into other lives, not hovering around awaiting a summons.

What caused me the most indignation, though, was the casual use of the term "Witch hunts." Women were not persecuted and executed just because their sexual liberation was threatening; they were spiritual teachers and natural healers whose existence threatened the patriarchal Church of Rome and the "doctors" it trained. They did their duties without demanding followers or excessive payment, making them a liability to the powerful male establishment, with predictable results. Misunderstandings and ignorance threaten the lives and well-being of witches today, too, but were the models in fear of a Witch hunt, it would have made far more sense to conceal their faces than the location of their meeting!

Brandy Stuart
Houston, TX

> **"A nylon pointed hat does not a witch make. Misunderstandings and ignorance threaten the lives and well-being of witches today, too."**

I'm sorry you were offended by my pictorial. Our intention wasn't to teach the traditional, historic or finer points of witchcraft, but to turn women on sexually. The more ritualized parts of our day weren't photographed, because that wasn't what would be of most interest to On Our Backs *readers; the editors chose the photos they thought most erotic.*

All the women in the photos are practicing witches, and I also practice what I have learned to be sex magic, as well as Tantra. It seems that what is sacred and what is sacrilegious is in the eyes of the beholder. When I look at those photos I still see a holy, sacred sex magic ritual—and so does MY Goddess. If you have ideas for some other kind of erotic sex magic shoot, I'd love to collaborate with you.—Annie Sprinkle

P.S. We thought the pointy hats were funny and hoped you would too. Oops!

I DO, I DO? . . . .

I enjoyed Pat Califia's *Just Say Yes!* (Sept./Oct. 1991), except for "You like girls with long hair and short dresses...It's not hard for you to get them home and do them till they want to get married."

Why do so many women assume that if you have long hair and short skirts your fundamental message is "Marry me?" It might be you who has other lovers, and she who's been saying "What are we doing for Chirstmas?" since your third date in July. No matter—one day she'll ring your bell (since you haven't, to her chagrin, given her the keys), and rush in to announce distraughtly that she can't be your lover anymore because she doesn't want to be married and she's not sure you can deal with that.

Get over it, girls. It's usually your assumption that we want to get married, not our desire to domesticate you, that's preventing you from just saying yes.

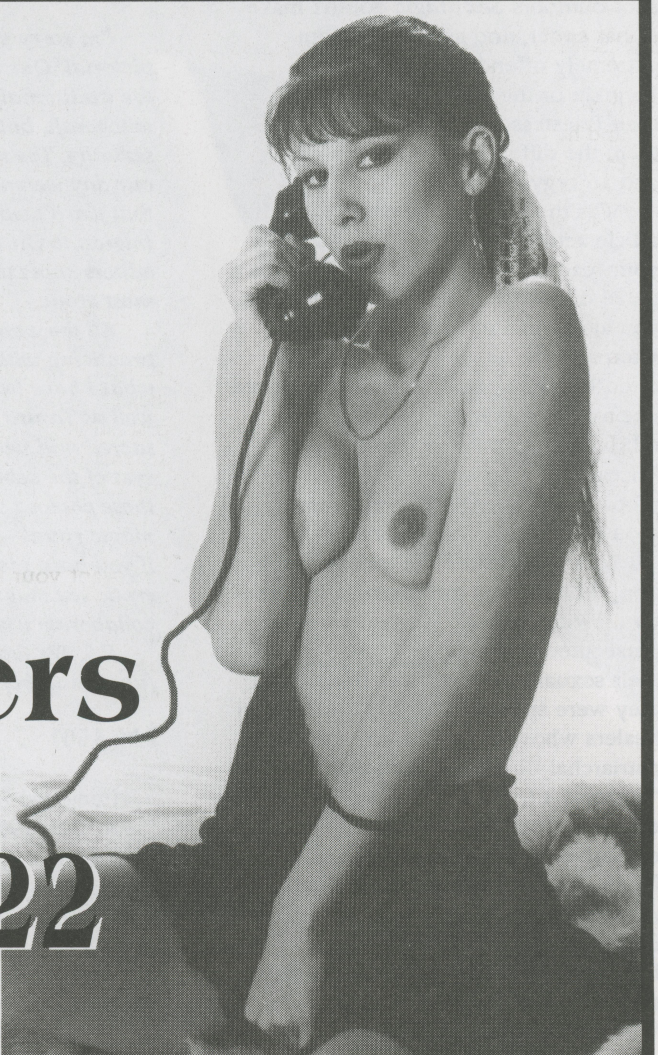
Erica Rand
Lewiston, ME

SLAKE MY THIRST . . . . . .

I've been a dedicated *On Our Backs* reader for a long time and I must thank you for a great lesbian magazine. I'm writing to send many thanks for your March/April 1991 fiction entitled *April Showers*. It was the best article I've read in *On Our Backs* and the best fiction I've read anywhere, period. Please please please have more stories on this golden subject.

Jackie Antione
Studio City, CA

Letters should be sent to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.



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HOW TO STRIP

DEAR FANNY: My lover has often expressed a wish that I'd strip for her. I love to dance, but when I tried to strip, I got embarrassed and giggly. I've recently had a hysterectomy, and haven't felt very sexy since. I think dressing up and stripping may help me get back to feeling good about myself. Am I pushing things? Can I really strip well enough to please my partner?

—Wanting to be a Teaser Pleaser

. . ."Do you feel like Miss Kitty from Gunsmoke? Good."

DEAR TEASER: You've got all the ingredients to do a successful striptease: liking to dance, wanting to feel good about yourself, and having a captive audience. Anyone can learn to do a spicy strip for her honey with a few tips and some practice. As far as pushing things, I think you're really itching to free your lingerie from dresser drawer bondage.

Your girlfriend's request comes from a positive place—craving a long, luxurious look at your sexuality. Stripping is not so much about dance as about communicating sexual desire. The reason women laugh or feel inhibited when they strip is that they're disconnected from their lust, or afraid to let their partner see it in their eyes and body. That's why you don't need Aphrodite's physique or Madonna's lingerie to strip successfully for your honey. What she will see and feel and delight in is your sexual energy, not your cellulite or false eyelashes. And getting in touch with and expressing your sexuality makes you feel powerful, exciting, and juicy.

Still, we won't overlook the fact that clothes bolster an image, so raid your closet for all the wild things you never had any place to wear (because stripping was the place to wear them). Lingerie is purposely styled to erotically enhance our bodies, so load it on: bras, bustiers, corsets, garter belts, stockings, and g-strings. Accessories like gloves, hats, high heels, tight skirt, silk shirt or dress, bangles, baubles and belts, round out your outfit. Style can be white lace virgin, black leather dominatrix, red satin vamp, or blue business suit executive. Above all, think BIG. Big red lips (outline them), big hair (try a 60s beehive), tall high heels (there *are* sturdy ones), mondo jewelry (save the dainty posts for the gym), big smile (no, you don't feel silly; you *love* this).

Look in the mirror. Do you feel like Miss Kitty from *Gunsmoke*? Good. Stand straight, shoulders back, toes pointed, gut sucked in. Now for the bump-and-grind: practice the grind by rolling your hips around in a circle. For the bump, stick your butt out, then push your pelvis forward. Frame your pubic triangle with your hands. Swish it back and forth like you want your lover to lick it. Alternate bending one knee at a time to move those hips! Do the cat walk by dragging your toe as you walk. Swish that body! Practice putting all the moves together.

Choose your favorite music—three songs, two fast, and one slow—preferably R&B or rock, since classical or new age lacks the oomph for bumps and grinds. Taping the songs together eliminates the distraction of mad dashes to the tape deck. Shove the coffee table out of the way and dim the lights.

During the first song, remove coat, gloves, hat, and shirt. Pop the buttons on the coat and shirt by pulling hard on the buttonhole side. Don't look at the buttons—look at your lover. Slide the hat over your face (you could lick the brim as if it were the moons of your lover's ass), across your breasts, and toss it. Bite each fingertip of the glove as if you were nibbling on her ear, then tug. Keep the hand open for control; otherwise the glove will fall off like a limp dishrag. Unbutton your skirt as you bend towards her, shaking your cleavage in front of her face. Turn around. Put your thumbs in your waistband and slide the skirt down the length of your legs while you bend over, exposing your barely covered labia. No need to hurry. Step out and kick away (daintily; we're not going for the goalpost here). Unbutton the bra, putting your hands over the cups to hold it on while you extract your elbows from the straps. That done, wait for just the right crescendo in the music to remove it with a grand sweep. Feel proud and gorgeous!

Save the g-string for the last slow song. Keep on the garter belt, stockings and heels. Get down on the floor and stretch and roll like a self-indulgent cat. Do the bump and grind on your hands and knees, derriere pointed in her direction. Put your legs in the air, do circles with your toes, open and close your legs. Remove the g-string as you did the skirt. Move slowly, caressing your body as if taking a long, luxurious bath. Think nasty thoughts about what you're going to do to her. Look her in the eye. Fire sultry expressions periodically toward her face or crotch.

Then fall into her arms and make love. Δ

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME . . . . .

PAT CALIFIA

I once overheard one good old boy say to another, "The trouble with pussy is that women have it all." Then both of them smiled, adjusted their crotches, and spit thin streams of Skoal past their boot toes.

My first impulse was to yell, "Why don't you just fuck each other?" but the Goddess kept her hand over my mouth. Twenty years later, my perspective has changed, mostly because I've heard some equally oinkish statements from the mouths of post-feminist butches. It's sad but true—the boy-dykes often treat the girl-dykes worse than your average redneck treats your average modern cowgirl.

Don't get me wrong—I support the concept of butch/femme role-playing, or, as Amber Hollibaugh once called it, "gay gender." It just seems to me that a lot of us ignore the second half of that compound noun: *playing*. Instead of mixing moustaches, skirts, dildos, high heels, Harleys, lipstick, engineer boots, and fishnet stockings to please ourselves, we seem determined to create a grim little world where the rules are even harsher than in high school, one in which butches and femmes are definitely not on the same side.

> **Femmes take no prisoners, and they never forget.**

Why is this? Well, if they're honest, most butches will confess that they don't believe femmes are really lesbians. Now, I've been in love with a straight girl or two. It really fucks with your self-esteem to lose your favorite skirt to a man. Given how painful this is, I don't understand why butches regard straight women as grand prizes. I do know that femmes shouldn't have to take the blame for this kink in the butch libido. I've seen fairly intelligent softball pitchers, bar bouncers, and motorcycle mechanics claw each other to pieces trying to get next to some redheaded divorcee who thinks it might be a giggle to trade her birth control pills for some decent head and a strong right arm. Once she decides that being a dyke is too tough, though, she heads back to the fern bars, and her broken-hearted female daddy seeks consolation from the same lipstick lesbians who never would have done her dirty if she'd had the good sense to dive into their laps in the first place.

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

From time to time, both butches and femmes get curious about real dicks and carve a few xy-chromosome notches on their bedposts. But their friends view this experimentation in two completely different lights. A butch who sleeps with a man is just fucking around with one of the guys—it's interpreted as gay male sex—while a femme is being a traitor, encouraging straight men to believe that lesbians are available to them, and bringing diseases back into our community. Double standards are soooo unattractive, ladies and gentledykes.

If butches think of femmes as straight girls taking a sapphic vacation from serving the patriarchy,they also think coming out is easy for them. Femmes just get to, well, be themselves.

Now, nobody could claim that it's easy to create a butch identity. You get laid off from your job, hassled on the street, and bad service in restaurants if you look too much like a GQ model. But being feminine is also hard work. Lesbian femmes don't simply copy the latest look in *Elle*. There are subtle differences between images that make men look twice and images that make butches roll up their sleeves. A woman who's enough of a rebel to be a dyke wants a style that reflects her sexual power and autonomy. Punk fashion, with its street-warrior, violent chic, was a real gift to femmes.

My favorite femmes project a kind of fierce availability, slut-as-conqueror. They seem pushy and wicked as well as hungry and wet. You're not sure if those long, red nails are emblems of pampered leisure or blood-stained claws, and it's good for you to wonder.

It seems to me that femmes pay a high price for letting butches feel big, bad, and competent at manly chores. Have you ever seen a group of butches conferring over the open hood of a dead car while their long-haired girlfriends discuss their cute little butts over glasses of iced tea? About the same number of women in each group actually know how to use a pair of jumper cables, but only the butches would find that hard to believe. In a world that has absolutely no use for women who know how to paint a house, fix a lawn mower, or hang a shelf, butches need the ego boost that femmes provide. But instead of saying "Thanks," butches assume that femmes are incompetent or lazy, completely forgetting whose tools they borrowed to play working-class hero.

Anybody who thinks aggression is a butch prerogative hasn't watched a bar brawl evolve. Angry butches yell and push one another in the chest, taking their time, usually in the hopes that mutual friends will separate them. But if a girl in mascara and sparkly shoes can't turn away wrath with a soft rebuff, she just breaks her bottle on the side of the table and gets ready to operate. Two butches who've been in a fight will probably wind up becoming buddies. Femmes take no prisoners, and they never forget.

Sometimes passing for straight gives femmes an economic advantage. I know a lot of lesbian households where the femme's work as a secretary or stripper puts food on the table. Butches might appreciate this more if it didn't make them feel like failures, unable to take care of their partners the way better-paid men do.

The bottom line is that butches are afraid of femmes for the same reasons that men are scared of women. They've got us by the short hairs. You can have a D.A. exactly like Elvis's, drive a 4x4, buy a leather jacket, strap on your dick, and pack it to the bar every weekend, yet still be a poor excuse for a butch if you can't make your girl claw your back open and yell, "Yes! Do that! Don't stop!" Other butches can teach you drinking games, get you into the bowling league, or race bikes with you, but they can't confer butch identity. Only femmes get to do that. You go to them for approval, authorization, and authenticity, while at the same time holding yourself apart to create a distinct, polarized role. It's difficult to manage this kind of balancing act without feeling hostile.

Butches exist in a society that doesn't acknowledge their sexual prowess. Most homophobes think the concept of lesbian sex is ridiculous. If a bull dyke can be a hot fuck, why should boys go through all those punishing and boring rituals to turn themselves into men?

I think every butch's worst fear is that the woman she's doing will start laughing and say, "You jackass, did you really think this could get me off? Boy, did I have you fooled!" A woman who's satisfied by a butch is her best—maybe her only—answer to a world that wishes dykes didn't exist. Butches can't help but be afraid of femmes when they have that much power.

Sure, there are femmes who are castrating, lazy, insatiable, stupid, hateful bitches. But these are individual flaws, not problems peculiar to the genre. Butches have got to stop taking femmes for granted. They're not here to do all the housework, fake orgasm, and agree with every pompous thing we say. Even straight girls don't do that shit anymore.

Not all femmes are bottoms. I've seen more than one rude "boy" taught better manners by an outraged dominatrix. And if butches stop being a good time, femmes might decide to do without us completely. Think about it. Haven't you noticed that it's becoming more and more popular for them to go home with each other? Δ

Blush Entertainment Corp., owners of *On Our Backs* magazine and *Fatale Video,* are currently undergoing expansion. Our eight year track record has shown that providing erotic materials for a lesbian market is a profitable business with considerable potential for future growth. More products are needed to service this market, and investment capital is required to finance both the initial manufacturing and staffing needs this growth will require.

INVEST IN LESBIAN EROTICA

We are seeking investors who want to support the unique, quality sexual products that Blush Entertainment is providing to the lesbian market.

Interested individuals may request our investment package by writing to:
Debi Sundahl, President, Blush Entertainment Corp., 526 Castro Street,
San Francisco, CA 94114.

Jewelry for exotic piercings

Gauntlet INC.

GAUNTLET MAIL ORDER SERVICE
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For catalog, send $3 and signed statement of age
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GAUNTLET RETAIL STORES & PIERCING SERVICES
2377 Market at Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114
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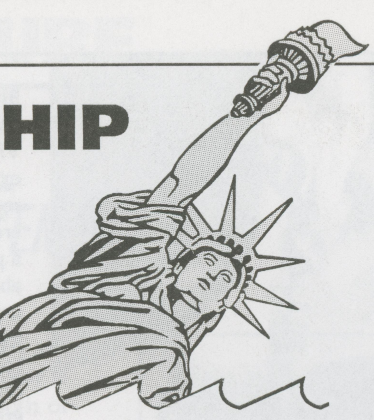
8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
Mon.–Sat., 11 to 7 (9 PM on Thur.) (213) 657-6677

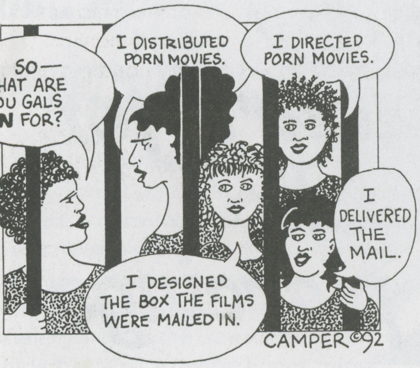
CENSORSHIP UPDATE



All too often discussions about censorship are conducted in a tone of theoretical abstraction, ignoring the very real effects on individual lives. The following situations represent a small sampling of instances in which censorship has affected people's livelihoods and emotional well-being.

GONE WITH THE TRUTH

In case you've been contemplating writing an erotic sequel to *Wuthering Heights,* (turning Heathcliff into a woman, perhaps, madly fucking Cathy on the Moors?) be forewarned: these days writers' imaginations are severely restrained. **Alexandra Ripley,** author of ***Scarlett,*** the sequel to ***Gone With the Wind***, was legally bound by the estate of Margaret Mitchell, GWTW's creator, not to include any explicit sex or interracial relationships in her update. Ripley, who's probably laughing all the way to the bank, apparently didn't give a damn.


SO— WHAT ARE YOU GALS IN FOR?
I DISTRIBUTED PORN MOVIES.
I DIRECTED PORN MOVIES.
I DELIVERED THE MAIL.
I DESIGNED THE BOX THE FILMS WERE MAILED IN.
CAMPER ©92

WAR ON VIDEO

Jim West, a gay video director, has been arrested on four counts of "conspiracy to distribute obscene material." This is the most recent development in a major crackdown of the porn industry that has been gaining momentum since the 1985 Meese Commission on Pornography. West, who specializes in all-male adult videos, faces five years in prison and a $250,000 fine. The arrest occurred after a **Justice Department Task Force** in Washington DC authorized a postal inspector in Mississippi to order videos from a national distributor; this tactic, known as "venue shopping," enables the Justice Department to nab porn makers in a conservative part of the country where obscenity charges are easier to prosecute. The legality of allowing the post office to entrap consumers in this fashion is currently being debated in the Supreme Court.

The case has serious ramifications because it represents the first time a director rather than a distributor has been charged with "conspiracy to distribute obscene material." The move beyond straight distributors, who can more likely afford to defend themselves, to a gay director who cannot, increases the vulnerability of lesbian video makers, who could easily find themselves in the same position. Even mainstream producers are reeling from escalating legal fees and forfeiture of profits, and several small companies have ceased operations in return for lighter sentences. "As far as I knew," says West, "I was doing something perfectly legal." To help stop the war on video, write West at 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 204, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

WAR ON BOOKS

Those pro-censorship groups have figured out that in order to be really effective, censorship should be used often and early. According to **People For the American Way,** an organization that fights against censorship, 1991 saw the most numerous book bannings since they started keeping tabs nine years ago. There were a total of 264 attacks on the freedom to learn, a 20 percent increase over the previous year. These attacks usually involve removing books from school curricula. Recent banned books include ***The Grapes of Wrath,*** as well as works by **Mark Twain, Martin Luther King, Jr.** and, believe it or not, the late and beloved **Dr. Seuss.** These efforts have had a 30% success rate—that's 30% too high.

WAR ON PHONES

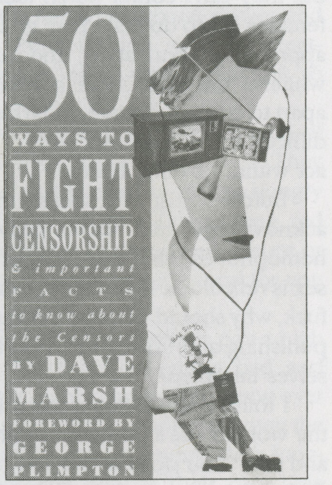
The Fun Line, the only national phone sex line for lesbians, has been forced out of business. The owner of the **National Entertainment Network**, a gay San Francisco man who operates several 900 numbers, said that "AT&T shut down the phone line overnight because someone called to complain about nudity—bare breasts—in one of my ads. After five years of painstakingly building my business, half its revenues have been wiped out." AT&T's action came on the heels of recent legislation spearheaded by the usual suspect—Mr. **Jesse Helms**. The sex-phobic senator managed to push an amendment through Congress mandating that companies who operate 900 lines and use nudity in advertising can be fined $50,000 for each day that "indecent" talk sizzles the nation's telephone lines. Helms has been fighting phone sex for several years now. This victory means that the 900 numbers could go the way of the dinosaurs, or at least be forced to maintain talk that is strictly social, with no sexual overtones. (See page 14 for more on the censored ad.)

WAR ON SPIRITUALITY

The **I Ching**, a text of sacred Chinese writings, has just been banned in **China** for "causing superstition." Publishers of it and 26 other banned books were fined and given "administrative punishment." Opening the doors to censorship lets in all kinds of paranoid riff-raff—ancient religious texts are no safer than porn.

WAR ON BONDAGE

Copies of the November/December issue of ***On Our Backs*** were confiscated at the Canadian border because Starlene, our house ad model, was wrapped in Christmas tree lights, which the Border Censors considered an act of bondage. (If they think *that* was bad, they should have seen the picture of her being whipped with mistletoe by our Editor!)

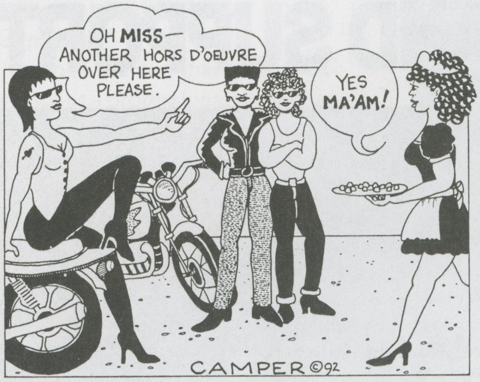


FIGHT BACK

Remember *50 Things You Can Do To Save The Planet?* Well, a smart bunch of writers figured it wouldn't be much worth saving if we lost the right to speak, read and write, so they compiled ***50 Ways to Fight Censorship***, a collection of practical advice for anyone who cherishes freedom. The book is aimed not only at those directly affected by censorship, but for anyone who wants to fight it— including kids, who have their very own chapter. A few of the 50 tips include "Register and Vote," "Buy Banned Records, Fight Record Labeling," and "Sue The Bastards!" George Plimpton's intro alone is worth the $5.95 pricetag. **Thunder's Mouth Press,** 54 Greene Street, New York, NY 10013.

NEWS NOTES

MOVIN' UP Pack the Hers 'n Hers towels, and leave the sleeping bag in the garage! This year the **Women's Motorcycle Festival,** an annual event since 1984, has become upwardly mobile, moving from the rustic campsites of past meetings to the distinguished **Wells College** in upstate New York. According to the group's flyer, this means a significant increase in creature comforts, including catering by **Marriott,** hot showers, "toilets that really flush," and no more potholes, mud and dust. Wells College, it seems, is one of the few institutions of higher learning that regards female motorcylcists as "positive role models." Of course, gentrification doesn't come cheap—prices will be predictably higher. For more information write WMF, 7 Lent Avenue, LeRoy, NY 14482 or call 716-768-6054.



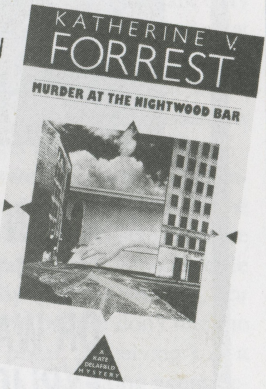
S/M MEETS NEA When representatives of the gay and lesbian S&M/leather community descended on the nation's capitol to discuss recent attacks on freedom of expression with officials from the **National Endowment of the Arts,** one bewildered security guard wondered why on earth a motorcycle club was meeting with the NEA. According to **Peri Jude Radecic,** legislative director of the **National Gay and Lesbian Task Force,** the contingent was there to "educate arts policy makers on sadomascohistic and leather artists." The group came dressed in full regalia, delivered a heavy dose of SM/leather history, and displayed photography by **J.C. Collins,** the current **Ms. San Francisco Leather.** Whether or not their efforts had any positive effect remains to be seen, but according to Radecic, the three female NEA staffers behaved in a highly professional manner, devoid of the giggling over sexuality that she has experienced with male legislators. For tips on creative lobbying efforts, write the NGLTF, 1734 14th St. NW, Washington DC, 20009.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY The **National Organization for Women** has historically had an image problem with women of color, as well as with lesbians. The lowest point for NOW's homophobia came when, in its early days, **Betty Friedan** referred to lesbians as the "Lavender Menace" of the women's movement. In recent years, however, the group has been struggling to raise members' consciousness, not only about lesbians and women of color, but also about sex workers and the sex industry. And for the first time in its history, NOW has a President who, while not exactly calling herself a dyke, is public about her female lover. **Patricia Ireland** makes it a point whenever she's asked about her marital status to affirm that, yes, she's been married for 25 years, and that she's also had a female "companion" for the last four. Leaving out the latter, says Ireland, would be a "lie of omission." Hopefully, Ireland's visibility will improve NOW's image and, more importantly, its policies.

GAY AND LESBIAN ARCHIVES The nation's first gay historical archive to be located in a public library will open in 1995 in San Francisco. The Gay and Lesbian Center will include manuscripts, films, photographs, interviews, news footage, and other documents focussing primarily on California gay and lesbian history. Interestingly, while the center is billed as gay and *lesbian,* the first three contributions will all be from men: writer **Randy Shilts** *(And the Band Played On),* and filmmakers **Peter Adair** *(Absolutely Positive)* and **Rob Epstein** *(Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt).* What?! No copy of ***On Our Backs?*** Get with it, fellas!

NUMBER ONE BIG DADDY **B.C. Cliver** has won the first annual **"Dyke Daddy Contest"** sponsored by the **Outcasts,** a San Francisco S&M/leather women's organization. The event raised over $1000 for the Lyon-Martin Lesbian HIV+ Support Group and the Women's Cancer Resource Center. Cliver beat out five other contestants by impressing six judges (picked at random from the audience) with responses to their questions, her physical presentation, and an on-the-spot enactment of a fantasy scene. The latter was set up with the assistance of a bottom plucked out of a playpen, who pretended she'd just broken her daddy's bodybuilding trophies. Cliver punished her little girl by making her do workouts while being teased and spanked.

Rena Davis, who organized the event, says that lesbians who like to play the Daddy fantasy are a growing phenomenon. She believes that such role play can empower women by, among other things, enabling them to "look at family bonding dynamics." Cliver won, says Davis, "because she knows how to handle a bottom."



NAIAD GOES TO HOLLYWOOD The movie version of *Murder at the Nightwood Bar,* written by **Katherine V. Forrest** and published by **Naiad Press,** will begin filming in August. The author, as well as **Barbara Grier** of Naiad, will serve as consultants to director **Tim Hunter** *(River's Edge)* and producer **Edward Pressman** *(Wall Street).* The movie represents a signifigant breakthrough, since it isn't just about one or two lesbians, but an entire community of dykes. Many roles have not yet been cast. Tryouts, anyone?

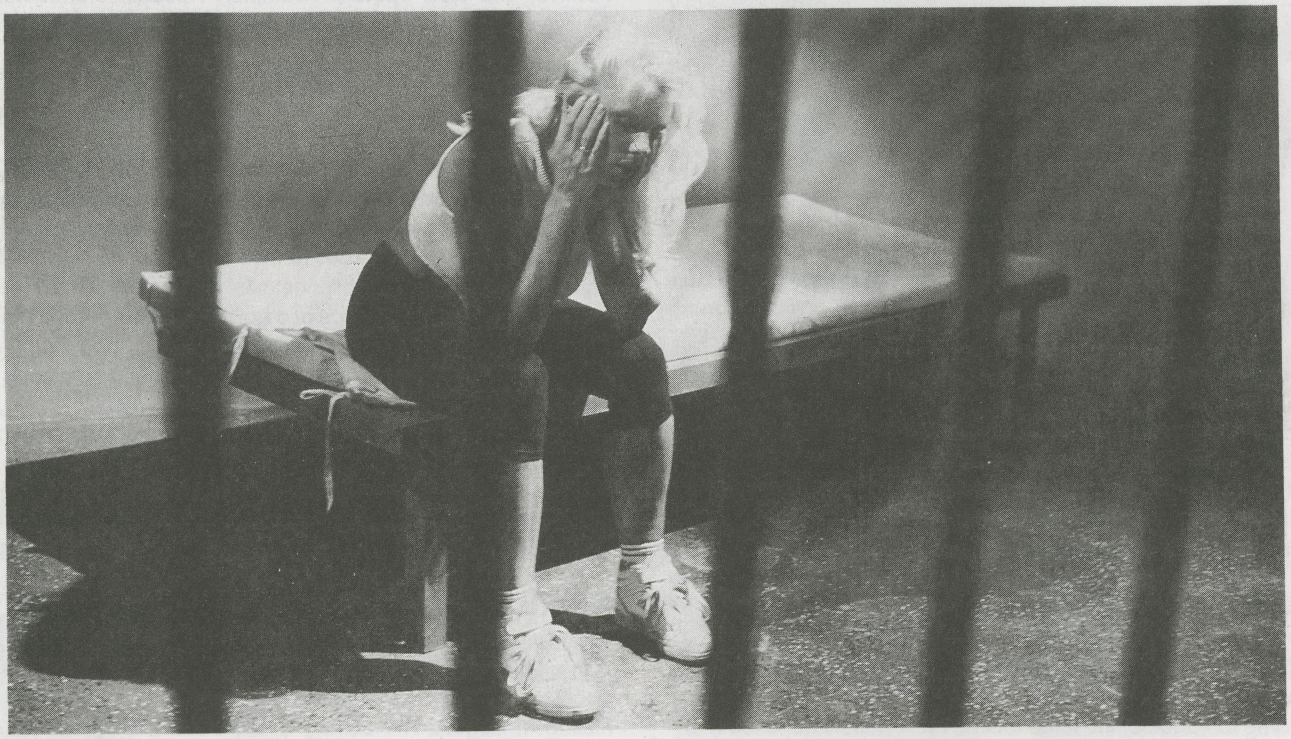
SEX AND SOLIDARITY FOREVER Following the collapse of communism in **Poland,** more than 100 sex and erotic movie rental shops have blossomed, some opening for business on Pope John Paul II Street. "In a free country," said one spokeswoman," Everybody should have the right to read porn." *Dobrze!*

CENSORED

"FUN" LINE CANCELLED!

AT&T deemed the 900-FUN phone line obscene & pulled the plug! Defend Your 1st Amendment rights– support the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund & help restore the "FUN"

WE NEED YOUR HELP AND SUPPORT!



AS AN AMERICAN, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO READ OR WATCH SEXUALLY EXPLICIT BOOKS, MAGAZINES OR VIDEOS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME.

The U.S. Government, pushed by so-called "complaints" from the religious right, wants to take your rights away. Right now, the makers of books, magazines and videos are being arrested, tried and in some cases, convicted for selling sex products that you want!
HELP US! We need to fight censorship, or you won't be able to enjoy adult products anymore! And then, what's next? The newspaper? Your favorite TV show?

YES. **I want to protect my rights and help the fight against censorship. Here is my tax deductable donation.**

FREE SPEECH LEGAL DEFENSE FUND, INC.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City, State, Zip ____________________

Phone ____________________ $10. ☐ $20. ☐ $50. ☐ OTHER ☐

Please cut out and mail along with your tax deductable donation to:
THE FREE SPEECH LEGAL DEFENSE FUND, INC., 22968 VICTORY BLVD., SUITE 248, WOODLAND HILLS, CA 91367

This ad is sponsored by The Free Speech Legal Defense Fund to stop censorship in America.

TALKING DIRTY TO YOUR LOVER . . .

"They're only words, and words are all I have to steal your heart away."
—The Bee Gees

KAREN CARBONARO

Marlayna and her favorite sex toy.

"Say something dirty to me," my lover whispered into the phone. "Get me hot."

Despite the fact that I'd had experience as a professional phone sex operator, I was struck dumb. I didn't want to mouth the same cliches I used on strangers who paid for my words. I felt as awkward as I had when a long-ago lover had made the same request, before I'd acquired expertise in the field. In fact, the pressure was intensified now, because I was *supposed* to know how to perform. Big difference, I learned, between talking dirty in a professional capacity and getting your lover off. After all, as a pro I'm anonymous, but as a lover, the words I whisper will affect, for better or worse, my relationship.

> **It's fuck and suck and bite and rub . . . and get down dirty you fucking slut!**

"Please," Cindy pleaded, "I'm so horny and I miss you so much."

We'd only been seeing each other a few months; between our busy lives and the eight-mile bridge that separated us, we didn't see each other nearly often enough to stoke our smoldering newborn passion. She needed more. She needed, if not my body, then my words—and after all, most orgasms do take place between the ears.

Besides, I fully understood this particular form of horniness, a hunger for *words.* As a writer and a phone sex operator, I positively thrive on language. A lover can fuck me silly for hours, but it's only when she whispers something dirty to me that I sail over the top.

So I decided to get over my feelings of awkwardness, ceremoniously cleared my throat, and cooed, "You're real hot and wet tonight, aren't you honey?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Too bad I'm not there to help you out. But I bet you know how to do yourself just fine, don't you. Come on, dollbaby, put your fingers into your pussy. Go ahead. Stir up those juices."

She moaned.

"Go on, put 'em there. I want you to stick two fingers in and work up a froth, then rub the juices on your clit. Is your clit hard for me baby?"

"Yes," she panted.

"Good. You know how I like a nice hard clit. While you're doing that I want you to imagine me in front of you—standing over you—my cunt in front of your face. Do you want it baby? Huh? Wanna lick my pussy?"

Her moans increased in intensity.

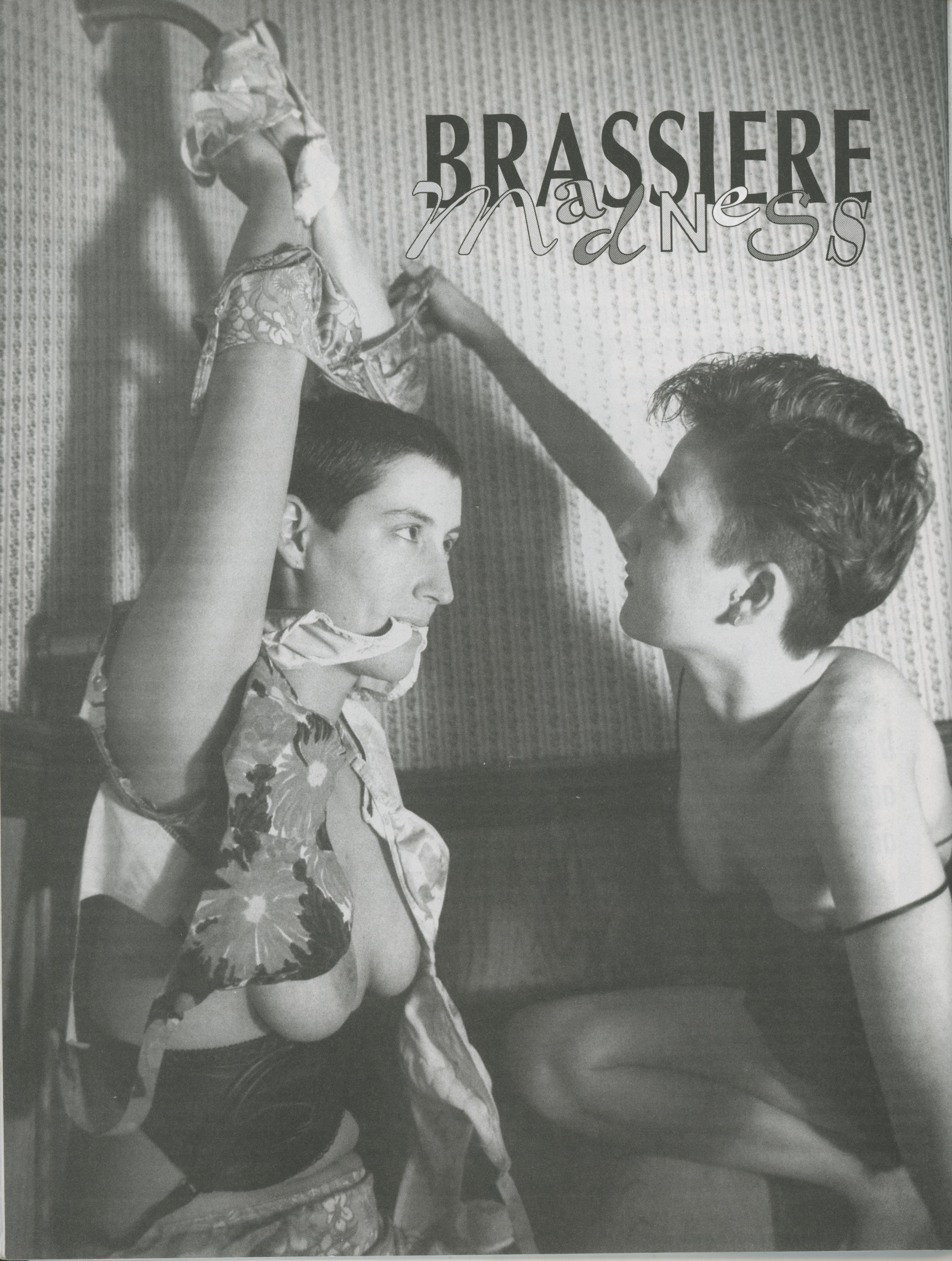
MARLAYNA DAWSON

Hallelujah, it was working! The techniques I used with my customers—and that they sometimes used with me—were proving just as effective with my beloved. Heady with power, I proceeded, describing scenes from our short but rich past, as well as a few choice fantasies I'd been harboring. Not only did Cindy come—so did I! After that, we continued to talk dirty to each other, an aspect of our sex lives that is not only satisfying in and of itself, but feeds our fleshy encounters, since we've learned through our phone conversations the best ways to get each other off.

Phone sex between lovers can be another variation in a rich sex life, or it can be a vital necessity when circumstances force lovers geographically apart. Most people are understandably phone sex shy, for many reasons. Some people don't like the phone in the first place, perceiving it as a barrier rather than a connecting agent between people. Others are uncomfortable uttering sexual words and their fantasies and desires. Still others can engage in nonsexual phone conversations for hours, scream wild obscenities in bed, but can't seem to combine the two modes of communication.

(continued on page 42)

BRASSIERE Madness



"Bras"

says photographer Amy Marquez,

"aren't butch or femme—

they're simply erotic."

To prove it, Jill and Karin

sequestered themselves

in the bathroom

with a wide array of underthings,

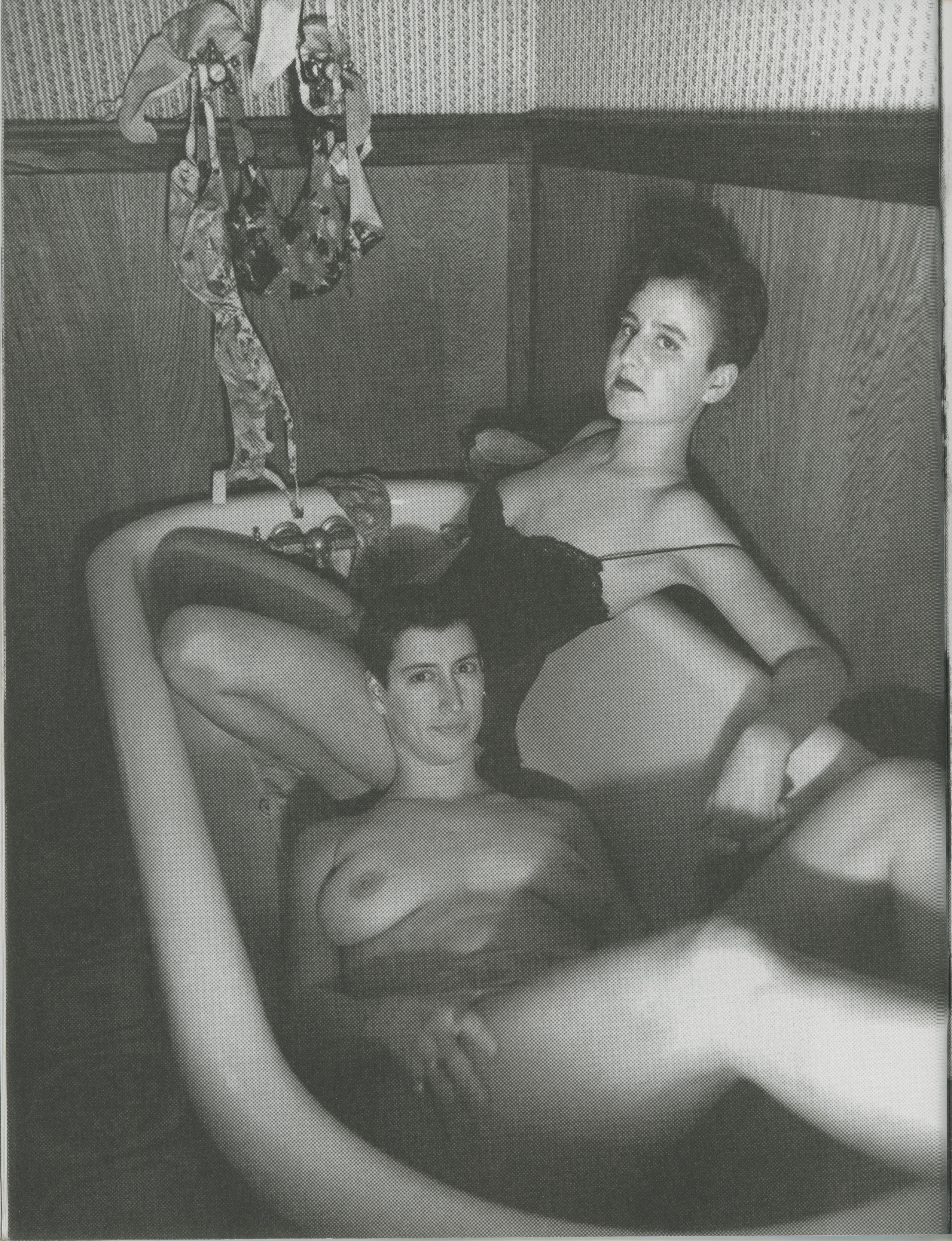
using them in ways that

Maidenform never dreamed of.

And I bet you thought bras

were for burning!

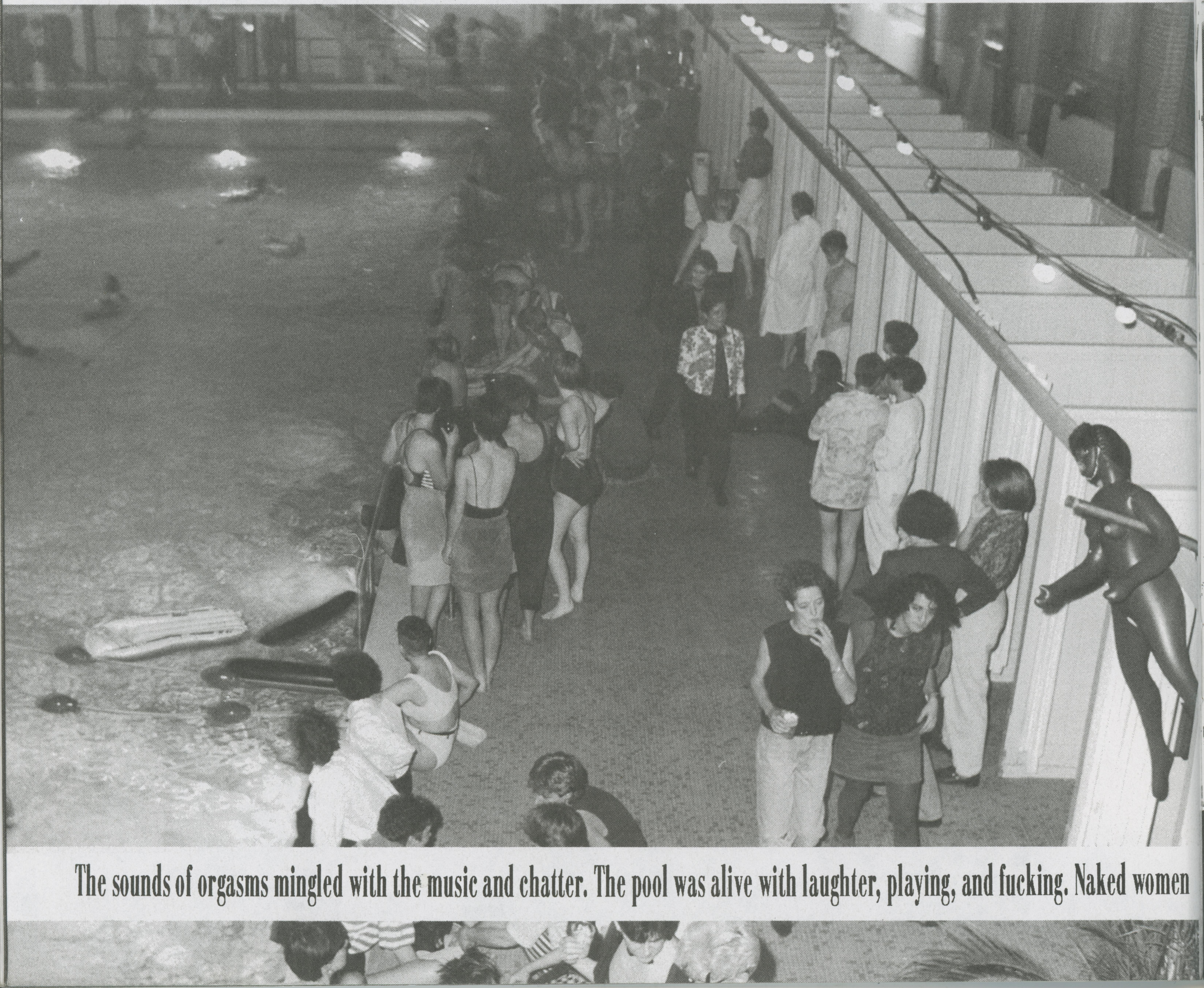
Photos by Amy Marquez



GOING DUTCH

Sex, Drugs & Video in Amsterdam

By blaise bahara

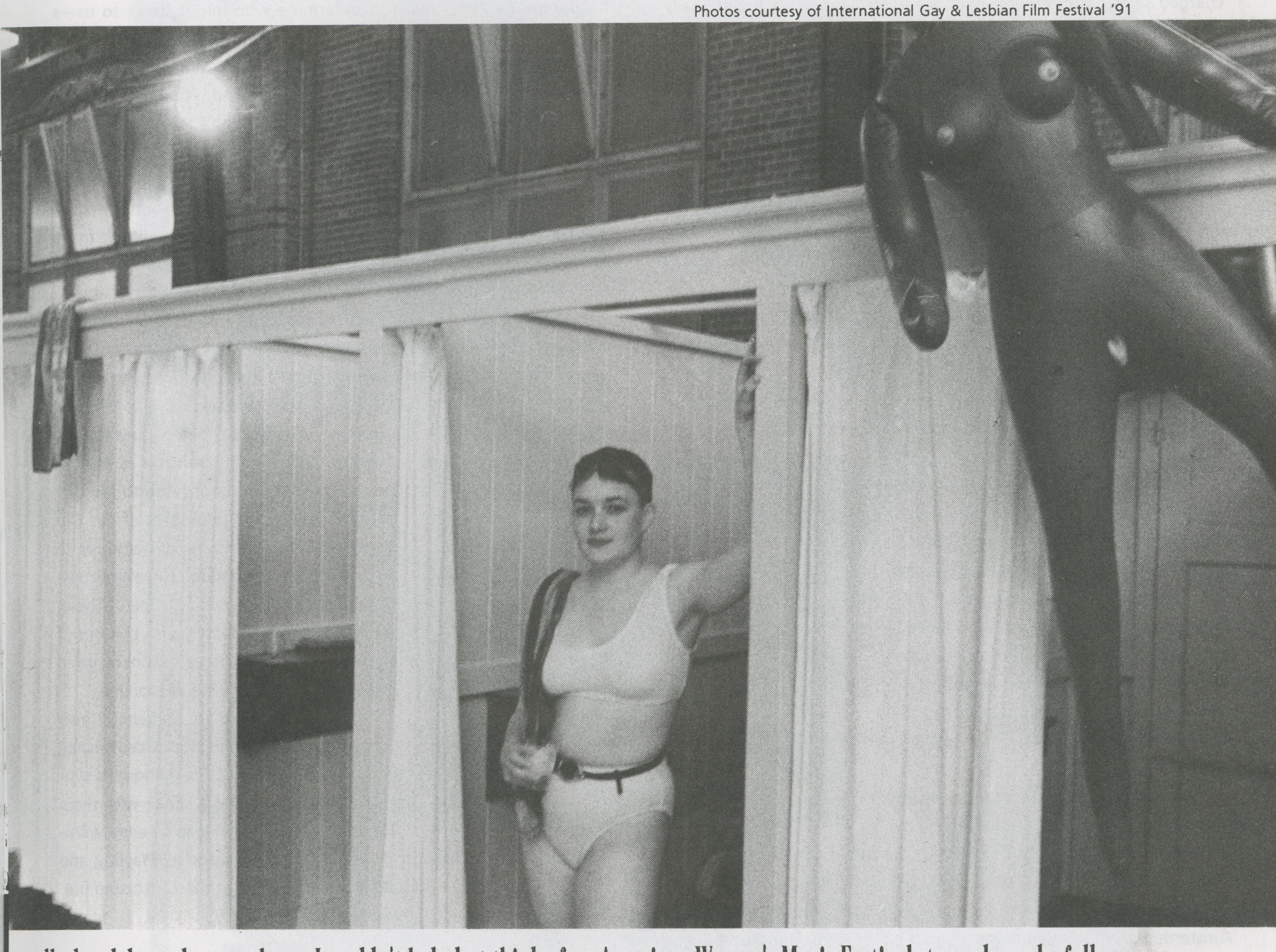


The sounds of orgasms mingled with the music and chatter. The pool was alive with laughter, playing, and fucking. Naked women

I entered unnoticed through the doors of the magnificent structure, opulent by any standards: five-story ceilings, balconies, marbled fountains, statues, stairways, and hand-painted tiling surrounded an enormous pool. The humid air clung to my body as I walked slowly down the length of the pool, past the changing booths. Floating in the water were dozens of anatomically correct blow-up dolls. Workers busily completed setup of a sound system, video screen, lights, and bars. The ceiling lights were doused, the laser lights ignited, and Tone-Loc blasted "Let's do it" from the speakers. Workers cheered and the doors were opened.

"Welcome To The Wet Party!" boomed a deep voice over the microphone, as women who had waited for hours in the cold Amsterdam night poured inside. One by one they shed heavy coats and laid claim to their booth or territory for the night. Dancing, drinking, and swimming began. Cigarette and marijuana smoke mingled with the poolside air, forming an indoor haze, while go-go dancers lined the balconies and undulated to the pounding music. ➤

Photos courtesy of International Gay & Lesbian Film Festival '91



walked and danced everywhere. I couldn't help but think of an American Women's Music Festival, turned wonderfully perverse.

Fashion was eclectic and sensual—silk bathrobes walked hand in hand with ball gowns; fishnet stockings leading up to sequined hotpants danced with Victorian lace swimsuits; full leather crushed white lingerie against the wall. Soon most of these fineries would be shed, but for now the luscious bodies beneath the garments remained a mystery.

> **"There is no difference between erotica and pornography, save the use of a word in an attempt to make pornography acceptable to those who would not accept it. The difference between pornography and obscenity is wide. Obscenity violates the integrity of the subject." —*Anonymous***

I chose a location ideally suited for seeing and being seen. Beneath my little black dress my body sizzled from the sexy sounds, thick air, and the scrutiny of butches. The lavish surroundings seemed to have become mere backdrop for hundreds of beautiful women. The lights and music dimmed, a click echoed through the air, and the illuminated video screen flashed "Fatale Video Presents." Catcalls sounded.

Throughout the long night, the video screen would project every erotic feature produced by Fatale and Tigress, further intensifying the charged sexual atmosphere. Brief live entertainment included Shelly Mars performing her now-famous Martin strip while her segment of Burlezk II simultaneously blazed across the screen. By 3 a.m. the party was in full swing, with nearly 1000 women participating.

Each formerly empty changing booth now provided a different sexual snapshot. *Click!* the hands of a young woman who masturbates, while voyeurs add to her pleasure. *Click!* the faces of two women, smiling at one another, as their switched girlfriends suck their cocks. *Click!* the red ass of a naked bottom bent over a wooden bench as two women take turns with their whips. *Click!* the lips of two women, previously unknown to each other, kissing as their clothes fall away.

The sounds of orgasms mingled with the music and chatter. The pool was alive with laughter, playing, and fucking. Naked women walked and danced everywhere. I couldn't help but think of an American Women's Music Festival, turned wonderfully perverse. The sights, sounds, and smells of sex were everywhere. My temperature was near boiling.

This "Wet Party" was the grand culmination of the International Gay and Lesbian Film Festival, a two-week-long event. The Festival happens every five years in Amsterdam, a city which is an event in and of itself. This year, Fatale videos were introduced to the European market, and their producer, Nan Kinney, was invited to attend. Naturally, I, as her lover, could not pass up the opportunity to play "Famous Lesbian's Wife" in Europe.

We had arrived in Amsterdam on the opening night of the festival. Night is *the* time in Amsterdam. Gas lanterns lining the canals are reflected in the water and dapple the air with a soft, yellow haze reminiscent of an Impressionistic painting. This beauty forbids sleep, and the people of Amsterdam comply. Beginning at around 11 p.m. and continuing through the wee hours of the morning, coffeehouses, cafes, dance clubs, and parties are in full swing. Despite having been traveling all night, we immediately responded to the city's atmosphere. We were ready to paint the town.

We were too late for the opening ceremonies of the festival, but just in time to experience our first queer and smoke-filled cafe party. The first thing we noticed was that we could not understand a word being spoken. We managed to get two drinks and find a small ledge to lean against where we could watch the women, dressed in winter coats and furry sweaters. Dogs lay comfortably at the feet of their mistresses. Nearly everyone was smoking—and they don't smoke light cigarettes; they smoke Sherman's, or roll their own. A militant non-smoker would be forced to hide in her hotel room for the duration of a visit to Amsterdam.

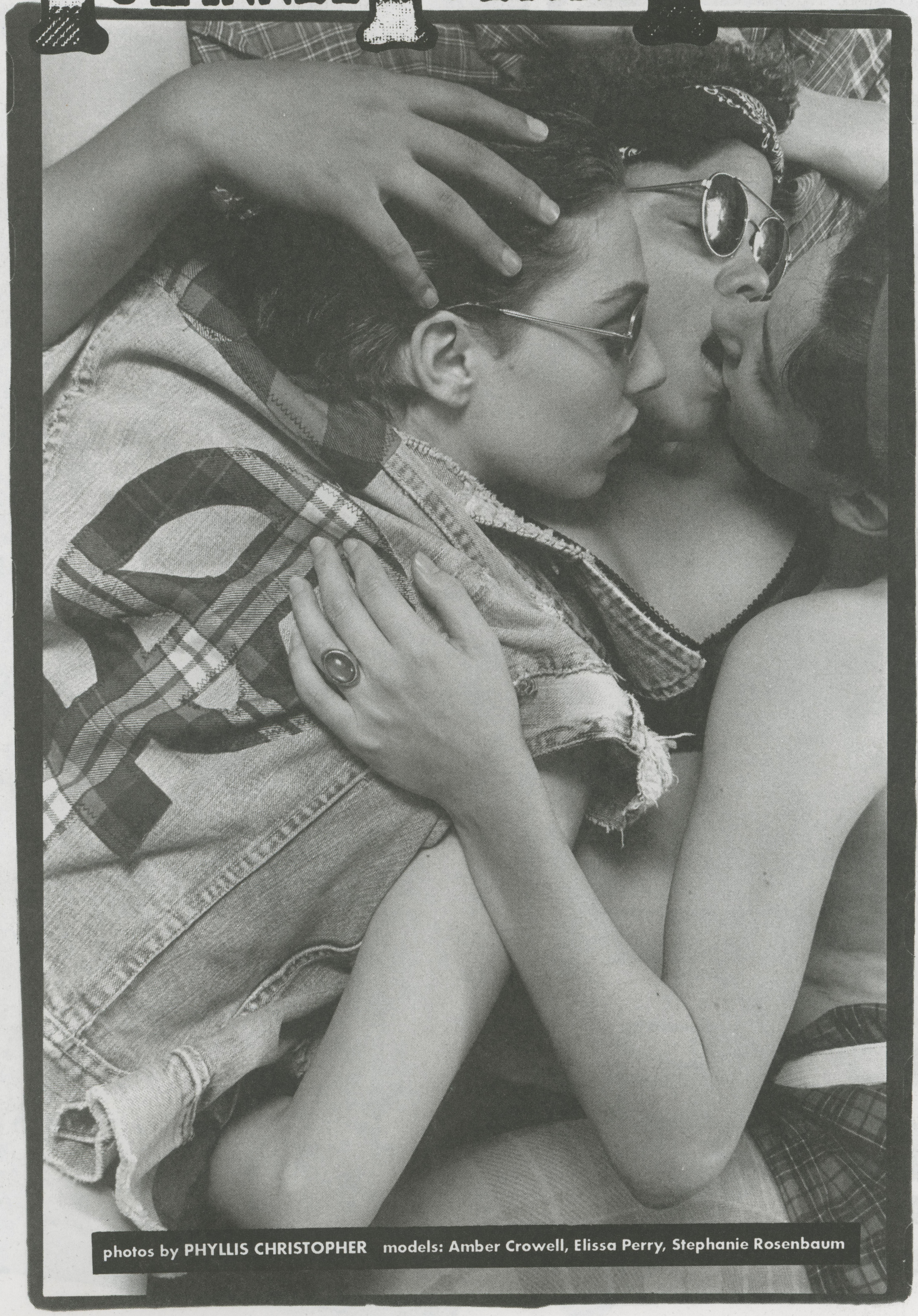
I appraised the crowd to determine who might speak to us—a practice I'm all too familiar with, having done lots of business travel. I soon spotted two very friendly looking ladies and made my way towards them. Just as the guide book instructed, I opened with "Do you speak English?" What the guide books don't tell you, however, is that everyone speaks English, and if you ask this question, they'll look at you as if you're from Mars. I was lucky enough to make this initial faux pas among friendly types. We began to chat; Nan soon joined us, and I quickly learned the power of two statements that we would make repeatedly over the course of our visit: that we live in San Francisco, and that Nan is one of the publishers of *On Our Backs.*

When you live a daily life in San Francisco, and you know that the publisher of *On Our Backs* puts her pants on one leg at a time, you forget the power, novelty and impact of these facts. To say to queers anywhere in the world that you are from San Francisco is to distance yourself from the rest of America—not a bad idea in any foreign country. It's as if San Francisco is its own nation, the Queer Nation. And to say that you are one of the publishers of *On Our Backs,* or even the wife of same, is to immediately open a door to several possible topics of conversation. One of these, of course, was the history and content of the magazine. Other conversations revolved around pornography and censorship.

The Dutch people are, in general, very concerned and curious about censorship, and have heard a great deal about its proliferation in the U.S. We spoke with them for hours about censorship's "early warning signs," such as 7-Eleven's long ago decision not to sell *Playboy,* and about the American feminists who added fuel to the censorship fire.

(continued on page 42)

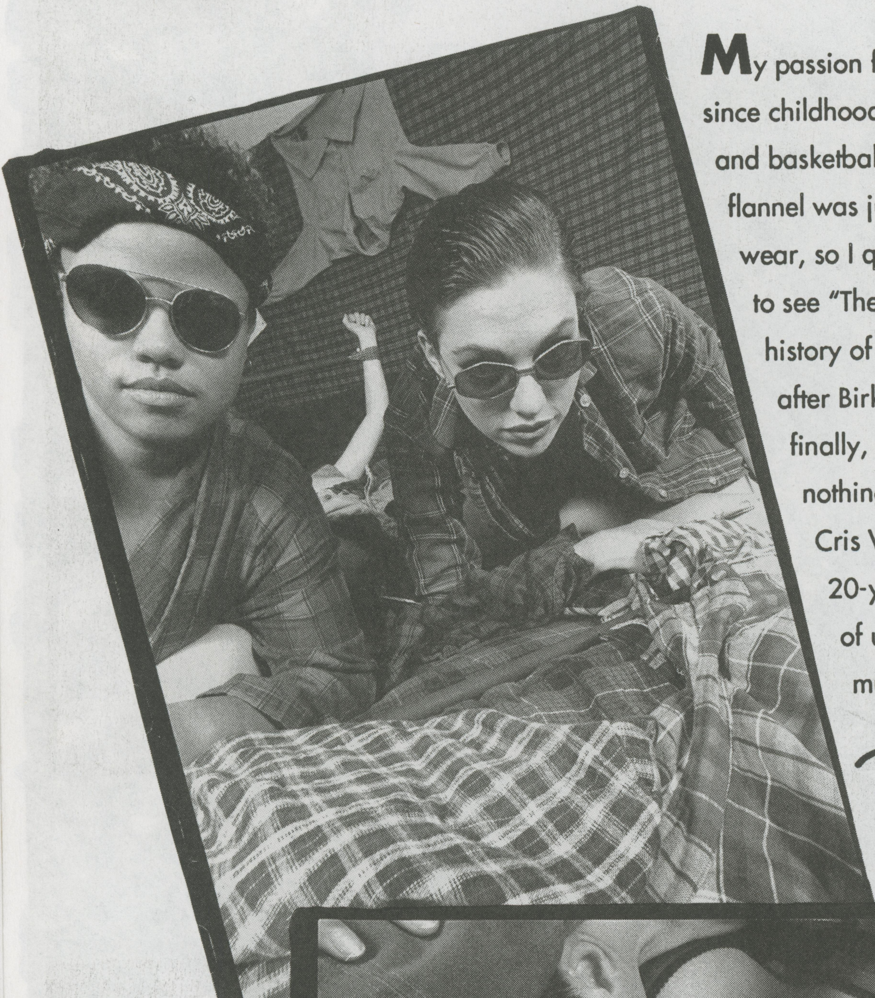
FLANNEL FETISH FEVER



photos by **PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER** models: Amber Crowell, Elissa Perry, Stephanie Rosenbaum

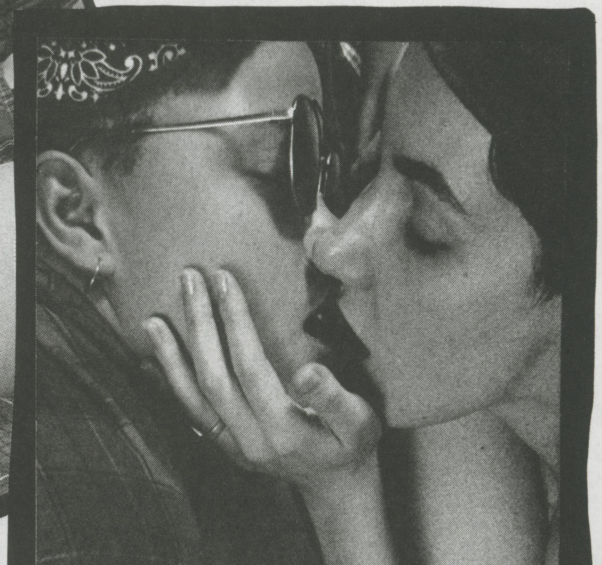
BRING BACK THE FLANNEL

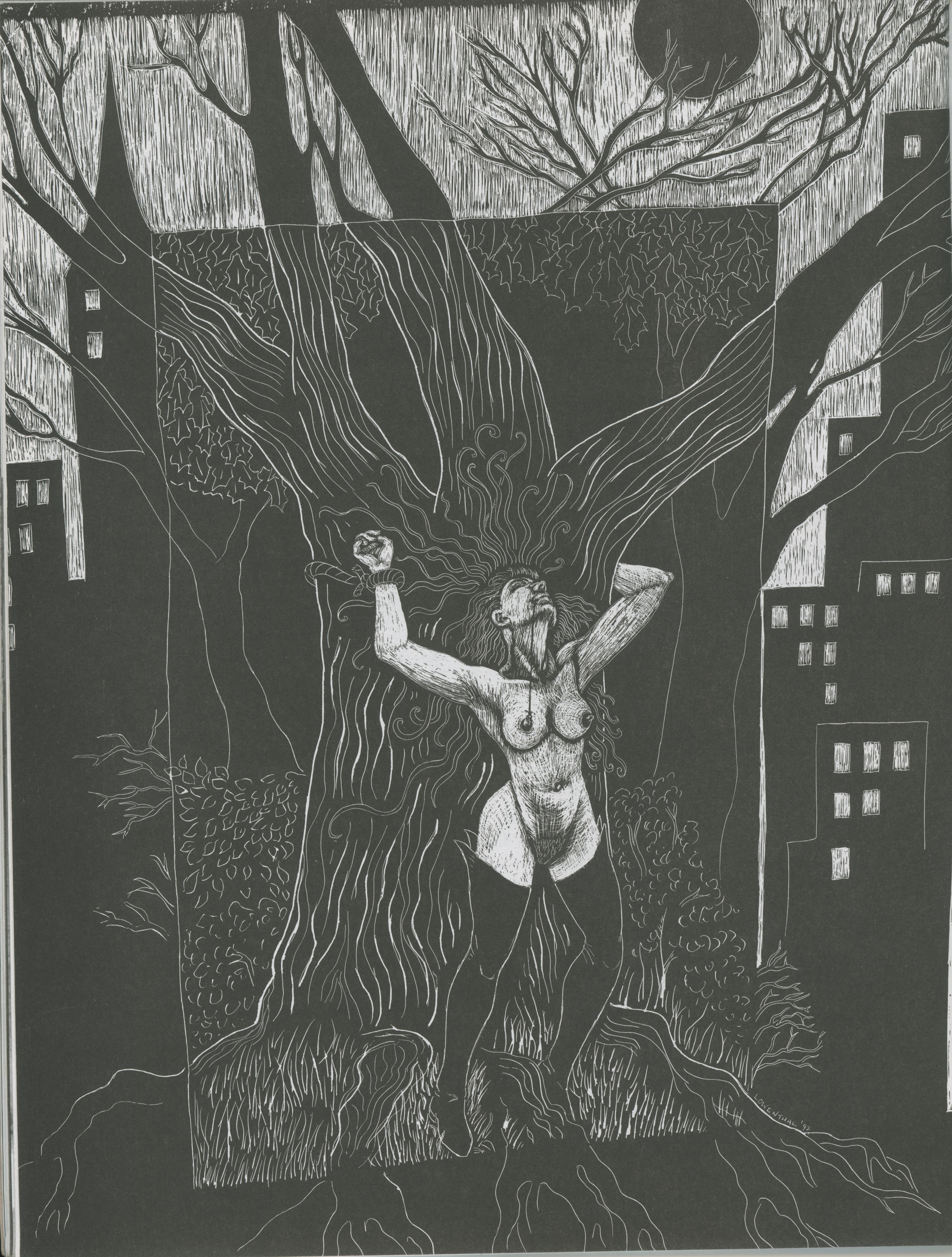
Forget all this leather & lace, lingerie & latex—a girl in a flannel shirt and blue jeans will turn my head any day.



My passion for flannel girls has been boiling beneath the surface since childhood, kindled by memories of long-haired hippie babysitters and basketball coaches. By the time I came out in the early 80s, flannel was just about the *nerdiest* thing a young hip dyke could wear, so I quelled my desires until, a couple of months ago, I went to see "The Changer and the Changed," a documentary on the history of Olivia Records. I could hardly stay in my seat as babe after Birkenstock-wearing-babe appeared on the screen. And finally, that photo of a barefoot Cris Williamson wearing nothing underneath a gorgeous pair of overalls...to discover Cris Williamson for the first time in 1991 and lust over nearly 20-year-old photos—what agony! I must resort to fantasies of underwear-free, pot-smoking, feminist sisterhood commune orgies...and bad haircuts...oh God...bad haircuts!

Phyllis Christophe




LOWENTHAL '92

The Strength of Trees

Fiction

by Anna Svahn

She was flipping through her mail when the distinctive voice on the answering machine caught her attention.

"Be at the Third Street entrance to the park at 9:00. Wear the black leather lace-up, your flat black boots and nothing else." A brief pause. "Don't be late."

Putting aside her bills she rewound the machine and listened again to the harsh whisper as moisture began gathering in the throbbing crevice between her legs.

She knew immediately it was Denys, even though it had been months since the last siren call. Lena took a deep breath and sat down, her fingers picking at the leather armchair as she recalled their past.

She and Denys had, for several years, been involved in a relationship based on commitment, trust, and a mutual taste for violently erotic pleasures. Over time, though, Denys had increasingly devoted herself to the pursuit of sophisticated sadomasochistic arts, becoming internationally known as a skilled dominatrix. Her lifestyle left little time for friends and family. Finally, she and Lena parted and Lena resigned herself to more moderate passions with less adventuresome partners.

> A loud bellow sprang from her lips as she bucked once and orgasmed, great splashes of cum coursing down her thighs.

Intentions were no defense against emotions. Each time Lena heard the whispered commands issue forth from her answering machine, she longed for the strength to deny them.

Her heart racing, Lena stifled a sob. "I won't do it this time," she vowed, knowing that she would. Rivulets of black mascara slid down her face.

Much later, Lena struggled to her feet, feeling weak. She stretched, wiped her face with her hands, and shook out her hair. Walking like a woman just awakened from a long sleep, she made her way to the bathroom, leaving a trail of silk on the floor as she shed her clothes.

The tiled room was a cloud of steam when she stepped into the bath. She caressed her body with a sea sponge, carefully cleansing between her legs and beneath her pendulous breasts with a fragrant lather. With a razor she smoothed her legs and underarms to the softness of a baby's bottom.

She stroked lotion onto her skin and inhaled the scents of lotus and patchouli. She thought of Denys touching her with hands nearly twice the size of her own. Hands that could be gentle and brutal in turn—tender as they caressed her face, or stinging with a back-handed slap.

Lena studied her reflection in the mirror, the light from a table lamp illuminating her body. She moved her hands down around her breasts and across the slight curve of her belly to cup the warmth between her legs. Her groping fingers swirled silky wetness around her clitoris.

Reaching for a breast, she felt for a spot of hardness in the erect nipple. Pinching it, she rummaged through her jewelry box and found the treasure shining in a corner.

She moaned as she pushed the small silver ring through the half-closed hole in her nipple. The tiny diamond suspended from the circle of silver glinted in the dim light. Matching earrings soon swung from her earlobes.

(continued on page 38)

Illustration by Karin Lowenthal

Dressing Room Encounter

"If I could just get in and out of this store quickly," I thought, "it would make my day."

Department stores aren't exactly my idea of entertainment, especially when you're there for only one or two items and the lines are unbearably long.

Shit, what did I come in here for anyway? It happens every time—I end up buying something other than what I came for. But not this time. I needed a shirt and they carried my size—2XL. I headed towards women's clothing.

It's tough finding larger sizes. I guess we're all supposed to be small. I am not. I am large, full, and soft. I wish more people could appreciate "large"—haven't we all wished to lie upon a cloud and float? Well, I am that cloud. All these thoughts were rolling around my head on the way to the shirt department, where I rummaged through the rack.

Suddenly my eyes locked with those of a handsome woman on the other side of the counter. I embarrassed myself by staring for what seemed to be minutes but was probably only seconds.

Quickly I went back to searching through the shirts.

"Hi," said a wonderfully deep voice.

"Uh, hi," I said with some hesitation. *Is this woman talking to me?* I asked myself. *I guess so—she's looking right at me.* I smiled and nodded.

Her deep blue eyes were penetrating. She had short chestnut brown hair and dark bushy eyebrows.

"Did it hurt when you got your nose pierced?" she asked. "I've been thinking about getting mine done."

"Actually it hurt less than it did when I got my ears done."

"Really. Well, it looks very nice."

"Thanks."

She walked past me, brushing against my body. Her touch sent shivers through me, and I wondered if she'd done it on purpose.

(continued on next page)

Fiction

by Kathleen Bear Johnston

My tongue reached out and licked her thigh. She straddled my face with her crotchless panties —I could have drowned in there.

Photo by Phyllis Christopher

"Do you think this would look nice?" she asked, holding up a black silk nightie with a huge smile on her face.

"Well, uh, on you, yes." I said quickly. *I can't believe I said that.*

She looked at me, puzzled. "What do you mean, on me? I asked if you thought it would be a nice gift."

"Oh, god, I'm sorry. I wasn't sure what you said. Yes, it would make a nice gift." She looked at me as if she'd been joking.

I wasn't sure now what she had said. All I knew was that she was extremely attractive, and that there was a silent bond between us. Maybe it was the passion for women—we were obviously both dykes. She wore a double women's symbol in her ear, and I had one around my neck.

It's that bond, common among lesbians—that scoping eye, and the question: *I wonder if she is? I bet she is!* At this moment, in this department store, we both knew.

She placed the nightie over the dress pants in her arms and walked down the aisle. I went back to the shirts, grabbed the one I wanted and headed for the dressing room, purposely walking down the aisle where she'd been. She was gone.

"Could I try this on?" I asked the clerk.

"One item, second to the last, far left corner."

I proceeded to the dressing room and pulled the curtain closed. *So much for dressing rooms,* I thought. *Try this shirt and I'm outta here.*

Something lightly tapped my shoe. Looking down, I saw a piece of cardboard with writing on it. I bent down and picked it up. "Come over here," it said.

I leaned out of the dressing room and peeked through the curtains on the room next to mine. A hand grasped the front of my shirt, pulling me forward. She was leaning against the wall, wearing the black lingerie.

Oh my god. Is this real?

Immediate heat spread through my entire body. She pulled me up against her and whispered, "I've never done anything like this except in my dreams. Make it happen."

This was an invitation I couldn't turn down.

"Your imagination is my limit. Use it," she said.

Her athletic body, the muscles defined by silk, gave my clit an instant hard-on.

She asked for it. I'm the woman to give it to her.

"Give me the belt from those pants." I said. She hesitated. "Now. Give it to me." She put the belt in my hand.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You'll see, honey. Relax. Give me your hands." I took the belt and wrapped it tightly around her wrist, tying it with two good knots. I lifted her arms over her head and latched the belt up onto the clothes hook on the wall.

"There, my sweet captive. You're mine now."

She laid her head back against the wall and closed her eyes.

"Kiss me," she said.

I pressed her up against the wall and kissed her mouth. Easily she opened to my visiting tongue. She kissed the way she looked, and her nipples grew hard beneath my caresses. I pulled the silk up over her breasts and leaned down to suck them into my mouth. Her head thrashed from side to side as she uttered a light whispering moan. I returned to her mouth.

"Do you make a habit of this?" I asked between kisses.

"Never done anything like it."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"Why now, why here, why me?"

"It was your aura, baby. I could see it shining all over the place—I almost drowned in it. It was electric. Now shut up and drown in my wetness."

I dropped to my knees. A goddess image was tattooed on her right thigh.

"Lick the goddess," she crooned.

My tongue reached out and licked her thigh. I knelt before her and she straddled my face with her crotchless panties. She was right—I could have drowned in there.

"Oh, that feels so good. Give me more of your tongue. Fuck me," she cried.

I stood and reached up, pulling the plastic security tag off the pants on the hanger. It was long and smooth.

"I'm going to fuck you, here baby, right now." I slid the bar inside her cunt and pressed myself against her.

"Oh, yes," she cried.

I held her in my arms and slammed it in and out just the way she'd asked for it.

"Make me come," she cried again.

"Shh, people are going to hear us."

"I'm coming," she said, even louder.

Her body was slamming against the wall, her hands pulling and thrusting about on the hook. She let out a loud gasp. I slid it in and out slowly a couple of more times as her legs trembled. She closed her eyes and her head fell forward. I unlatched her from the hook and untied her arms. We kissed, and she whispered in my ear, "It's my turn to do you."

"No, honey, next time. I shop here often."

We both laughed.

"Do you think anyone heard us?" I asked.

"I don't know." She slipped into her clothes and wrapped her arms around me.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Tyler. Yours?"

"Corey."

"Glad to have, uh, met, uh, fucked you."

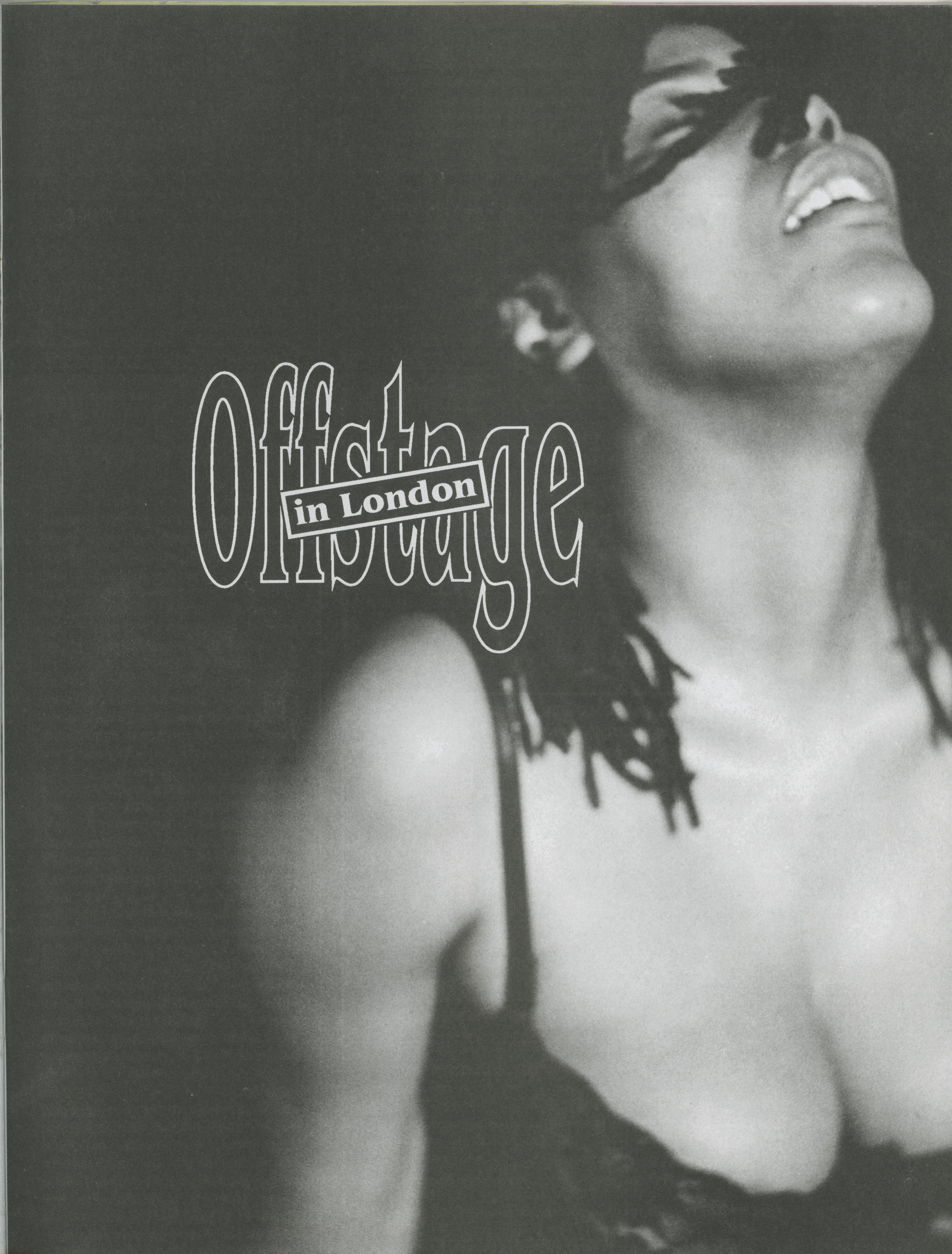
"Yeah!"

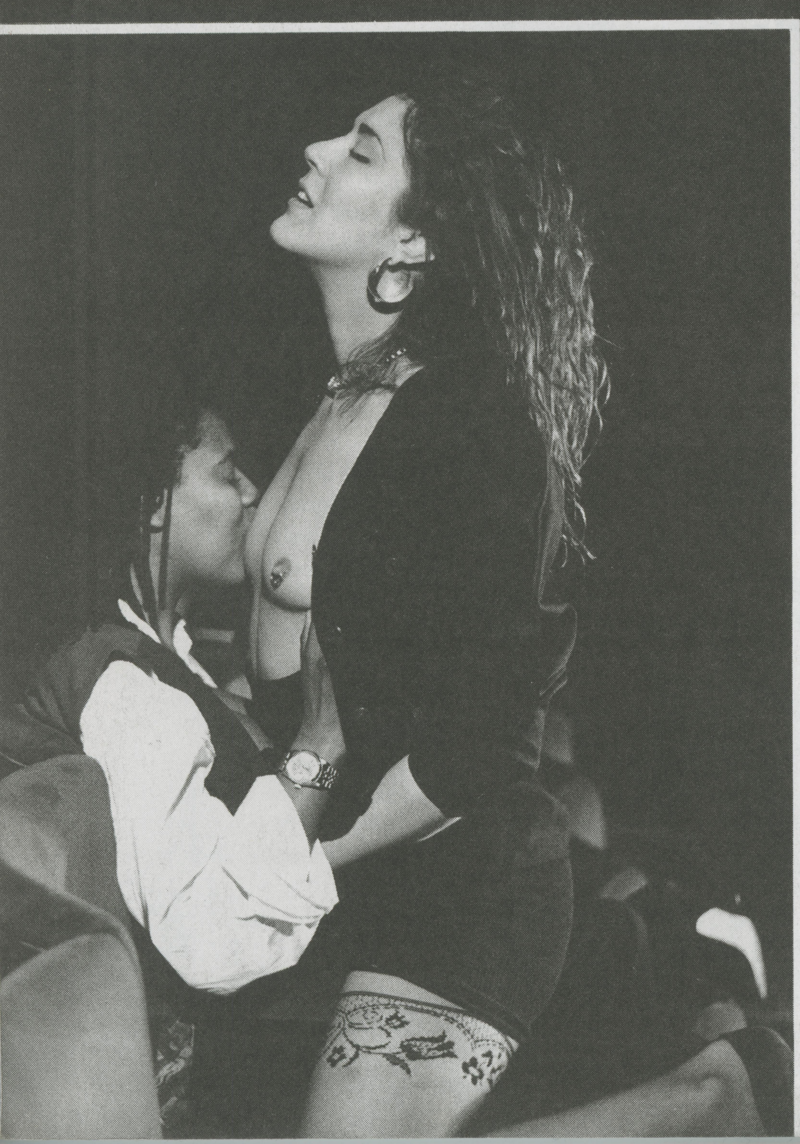
Corey turned, slipped through the curtain, and was gone. I grabbed my shirt and headed for the cashier.

"I'll take this," I said, pulling out my wallet.

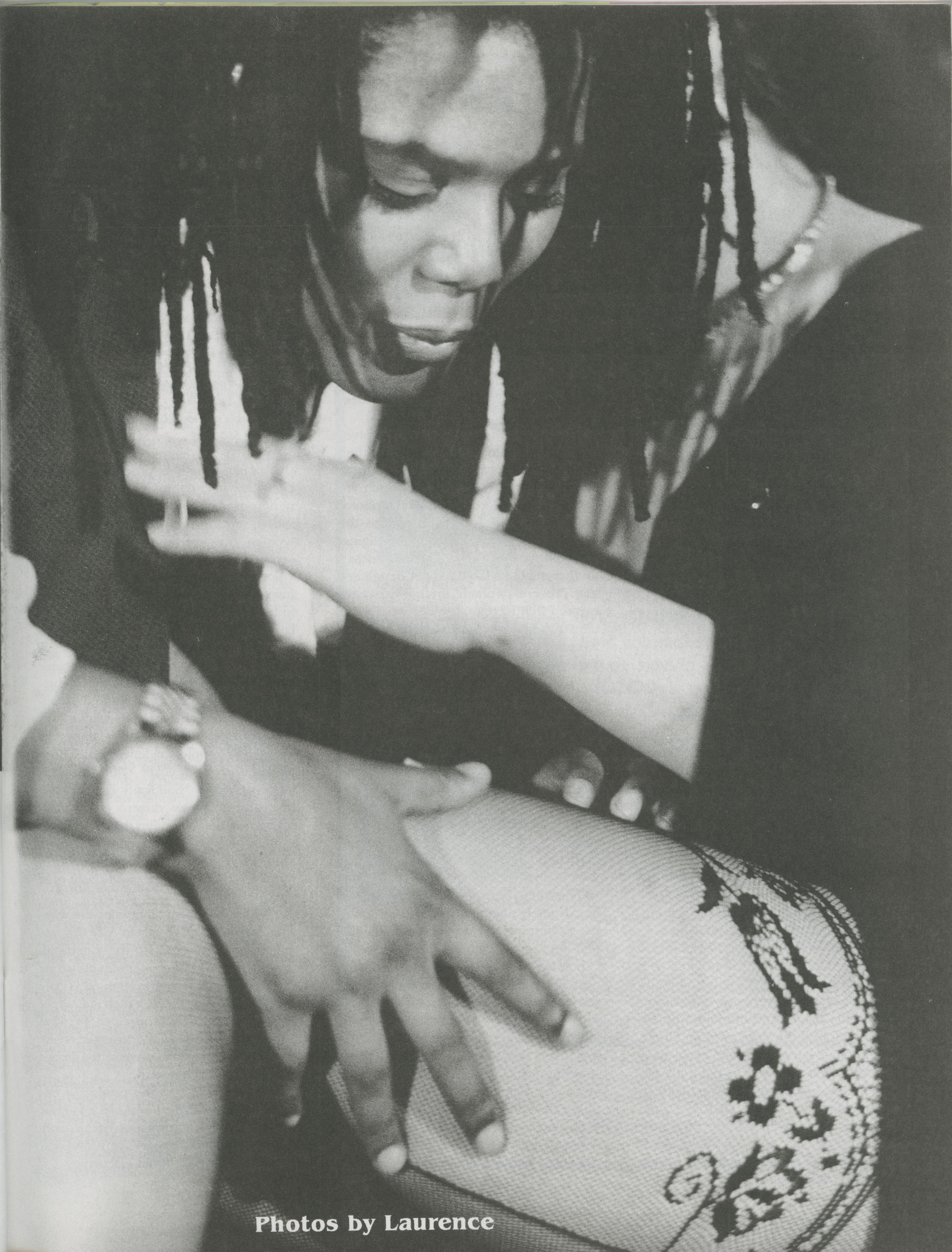
The cashier grinned broadly. "By the sound of it, lady, you took a lot more than this shirt!" Δ

Offstage in London





The "SCALA" Cinema is a major gay landmark in the Kings Cross section of London. Operated by **two women, Alex and Jane,** it attracts a group of loyal patrons who range **from interesting to weird** to downright sleazy. Classic and cult films, shown **all night long,** aren't the only thing the audience comes to watch—they also **watch each other.**



Photos by Laurence

Author Betty Dodson

Rarely, if ever, do we get to witness a group of women having real orgasms together.

SELF-LOVING: VIDEO PORTRAIT OF A WOMEN'S SEXUALITY SEMINAR

By Betty Dodson
Color 1 hr. $40 + $5 shipping
Box 1933 Murray Hill, New York, NY 10156
or Good Vibrations Sexuality Library
(415) 550-7399

How is it possible that I have lived 45 years and never had multiple orgasms? Or that I've been sexually active for 27, and never once held a partner's gaze while coming? Most unbelievably, how can it be that I, who have been doing "sex work" for over seven years, have never attended a Betty Dodson workshop? Well, never mind past mistakes. After viewing *Selfloving*, Dodson's newly released video, I intend to remedy these matters immediately.

Although Dodson has been writing books about masturbation for decades, the medium of video intensifies the impact of her message: the sight of a dozen women of all ages and sizes masturbating together makes for a very powerful visual and psychic image. And although women writhing around the floor holding vibrators and squeezing miniature metal barbells with their pussies can rightfully be categorized as arousing, the overall effect is more emotional than sexual.

Particularly moving was the presence of a large woman who says that she's there representing "fat" women. She, along with the 60-year-old, somewhat paunchy but physically and sexually fit Dodson, provide very positive role models for those of us—the majority of women—who don't possess a fantasy goddess physique.

A "show and tell" segment involves each woman sitting on a futon, holding her legs apart so the camera can zoom in for a closeup of her genitals, which are respectfully explored, praised and photographed. Dodson, one arm around the woman's shoulders, fluffs up the vaginal folds, employing the kind of tenderness a mother might use to braid her daughter's hair. Several women in the video remarked that having an older woman attend to their genitals in this fashion served as contradiction to the sex-negative messages received from their own mothers.

The video's climax comes, appropriately enough, after a long, slow buildup, when women are granted free playtime. Some lay back holding vibrators to their cunts; others kneel and fuck the minibarbells; still others stand before mirrors watching themselves. Dodson, who herself appears to have a dozen orgasms, periodically tours the room, holding each woman's eyes for a moment, explaining that she's letting women know they can look at a partner during orgasm. The resulting intimacy, shared with the viewer, is extremely potent; rarely, if ever, do we get to witness a group of women having real orgasms together. The only other venue for such a spectacle is mainstream porn, but when they shoot an orgy scene, the women often appear to be faking orgasm, and even if they're not, are usually overpowered by closeups of what the producers consider really significant: shooting cocks. Precisely because of its rarity, this scene is awesome; many will find it beautiful, others scary. Some may even find it threatening. Whatever your reaction, this video has lasting impact. It's not only worth seeing, but worth owning for repeated viewings.—*Marcy Sheiner*

NICE GIRLS DON'T DO IT

By K. Daymond/Shannon Bell
B&W 13 minutes
Available at Good Vibrations Sexuality Library
(415) 550-7399

What were the producers of *Nice Girls Don't Do It* thinking when they superimposed an indistinguishable conversation, presumably among a group of women, over scenes of ejaculating pussies that alternate with written text, and a voiceover of rambling narrative that confuses more than it educates? In attempting to be arty on the subject of female ejaculation, both sexual and educational impact have been sacrificed.

Although there are some terrific come shots in *Nice Girls*, these volcanic eruptions are never clearly explained. Assertions such as that female ejaculation was once considered normal are never backed up by the ample evidence that's been gathered in recent years. While declaring her aversion to "politically correct" sex, the narrator makes dozens of pc statements, including a claim that ejaculation is more powerful in women than in men. Must we really compare our sexuality to the boys' in order to feel good about what we do?

While the spurting pussies are awesome, most of the visuals in *Nice Girls* are extraneous, irrelevant to the video's alleged theme. In one interminable scene (and remember, the whole thing is only 13 minutes long), we watch an upper torso moving back and forth in what appears to be a sexual encounter, while the incomprehensible conversation drones along in the background.

It's a shame that the producers decided to emphasize artiness in their video, rather than clear information, particularly since women are hungry for useful and informative details about ejaculation.

—*M.S.*

LOVE BITES

By Della Grace

editions Aubrey Walter, GMP Publishers, Ltd.
$29.95

In *Love Bites*, photographer Della Grace flashes on the tough heartbeat of dykelife: posers, lovers, clubbers, gay rights marchers, and S/M players. From San Francisco to London, Grace parts the pink leather curtain and gives us an erotic glimpse of life in the cool zone.

Grace, American-born and now brewing in London, is making big waves on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the most controversial and accomplished lesbian photographers around. Her punk-chic porn has steamed up the pages of *On Our Backs* (many of the images in this book were first published in *On Our Backs*), and has fueled fires in galleries from L.A. to Edinburgh. But Grace became truly notorious when *Love Bites* was briefly seized by American customs officials who cried obscenity during a moral temper tantrum.

Grace's style is sweet, yet streetwise. Her photos blend club scene fashion with gender-bending sex play, creating a document of the new lesbian nation. Wrapped in wedding veils, chain mail, combat boots, or fishnet stockings, Graces' subjects of desire are women with a distinct look and purpose.

In the series titled "Ruff Sex," a blonde in a latex dress bends over for a cunt full of dildo, while another set of hands holds her golden dredlocks in place. Hand-coloring on some of these black-and-white images casts a soft light on a rough scene, bringing beauty face to face with aggression. Other pieces, such as "Cold Store Romance," are full-color, flash-filled visions of playful decadence. Against a night sky and a smear of graffiti, Robyn and Angie spin pink tutus while they stick their hands in dark places.

Love Bites fuses lesbian glamour with erotic identity to produce sexual portraits of women who are real powerhouses, not just pretty faces.—*Lisa Palac*

DON'T GET BURNED!

Bathroom Sluts
LESBO A GO-GO
Sharon Kane

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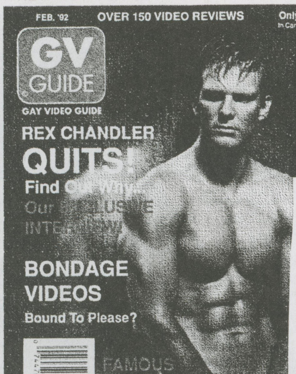
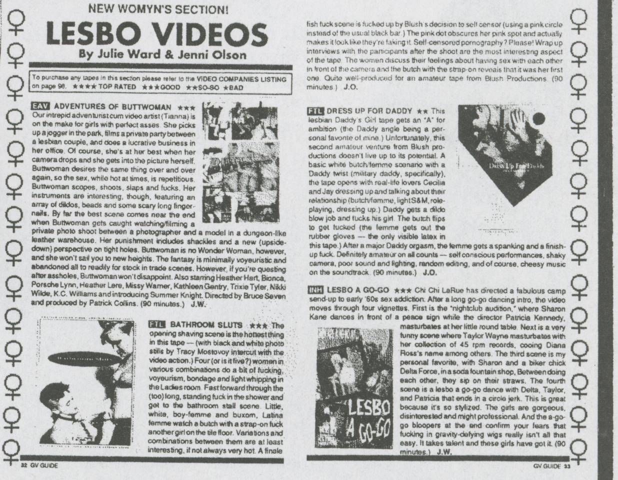


NEW WOMYN'S SECTION!

Written by women for women in the GV GUIDE 4-star rating style to help you make an informed choice when buying or renting LESBO VIDEOS. In each bi-monthly issue, 8 Girl/Girl tapes will be reviewed.



NEW WOMYN'S SECTION!

LESBO VIDEOS

By Julie Ward & Jenni Olson

To purchase any tapes in this section please refer to the VIDEO COMPANIES LISTING on page 98. ★★★★ TOP RATED ★★★GOOD ★★SO-SO ★BAD

EAV ADVENTURES OF BUTTWOMAN ★★★ Our intrepid adventurist cum video artist (Tianna) is on the make for girls with perfect asses. She picks up a jogger in the park, films a private party between a lesbian couple, and does a lucrative business in her office. Of course, she's at her best when her camera drops and she gets into the picture herself. Buttwoman desires the same thing over and over again, so the sex, while hot at times, is repetitious. Buttwoman scopes, shoots, slaps and fucks. Her instruments are interesting, though, featuring an array of dildos, beads and some scary long fingernails. By far the best scene comes near the end when Buttwoman gets caught watching/filming a private photo shoot between a photographer and a model in a dungeon-like leather warehouse. Her punishment includes shackles and a new (upside-down) perspective on tight holes. Buttwoman is no Wonder Woman, however, and she won't sail you to new heights. The fantasy is minimally voyeuristic and abandoned all to readily for stock in trade scenes. However, if you're questing after assholes, Buttwoman won't disappoint. Also starring Heather Hart, Bionca, Porsche Lynn, Heather Lere, Missy Warner, Kathleen Gentry, Trixie Tyler, Nikki Wilde, K.C. Williams and introducing Summer Knight. Directed by Bruce Seven and produced by Patrick Collins. (90 minutes.) J.W.

FTL BATHROOM SLUTS ★★★ The opening shaving scene is the hottest thing in this tape — (with black and white photo stills by Tracy Mostovoy intercut with the video action.) Four (or is it five?) women in various combinations do a bit of fucking, voyeurism, bondage and light whipping in the Ladies room. Fast forward through the (too) long, standing fuck in the shower and get to the bathroom stall scene. Little, white, boy-femme and buxom, Latina femme watch a butch with a strap-on fuck another girl on the tile floor. Variations and combinations between them are at least interesting, if not always very hot. A finale

32 GV GUIDE

fish fuck scene is fucked up by Blush's decision to self censor (using a pink circle instead of the usual black bar.) The pink dot obscures her pink spot and actually makes it look like they're faking it. Self-censored pornography? Please! Wrap up interviews with the participants after the shoot are the most interesting aspect of the tape. The women discuss their feelings about having sex with each other in front of the camera and the butch with the strap-on reveals that it was her first one. Quite well-produced for an amateur tape from Blush Productions. (90 minutes.) J.O.

FTL DRESS UP FOR DADDY ★★ This lesbian Daddy's Girl tape gets an "A" for ambition (the Daddy angle being a personal favorite of mine.) Unfortunately, this second amateur venture from Blush productions doesn't live up to its potential. A basic white butch/femme scenario with a Daddy twist (military daddy, specifically), the tape opens with real-life lovers Cecilia and Jay dressing up and talking about their relationship (butch/femme, light S&M, role-playing, dressing up.) Daddy gets a dildo blow job and fucks his girl. The butch flips to get fucked (the femme gets out the rubber gloves — the only visible latex in this tape.) After a major Daddy orgasm, the femme gets a spanking and a finish-up fuck. Definitely amateur on all counts — self conscious performances, shaky camera, poor sound and lighting, random editing, and of course, cheesy music on the soundtrack. (90 minutes.) J.O.

INH LESBO A GO-GO ★★★ Chi Chi LaRue has directed a fabulous camp send-up to early '60s sex addiction. After a long go-go dancing intro, the video moves through four vignettes. First is the "nightclub audition," where Sharon Kane dances in front of a peace sign while the director Patricia Kennedy, masturbates at her little round table. Next is a very funny scene where Taylor Wayne masturbates with her collection of 45 rpm records, cooing Diana Ross's name among others. The third scene is my personal favorite, with Sharon and a biker chick Delta Force, in a soda fountain shop, Between doing each other, they sip on their straws. The fourth scene is a lesbo a go-go dance with Delta, Taylor, and Patricia that ends in a circle jerk. This is great because it's so stylized. The girls are gorgeous, disinterested and might professional. And the a-go-go bloopers at the end confirm your fears that fucking in gravity-defying wigs really isn't all that easy. It takes talent and these girls have got it. (90 minutes.) J.W.

GV GUIDE 33

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STRENGTH OF TREES *(from pg 29)*

Adorned only in diamonds, she went to the closet and retrieved a pair of thigh-high black leather boots that were perfectly suited for walking through stony brambles in the park.

The black leather minidress was a sheath that laced up either side of a narrow center panel from mid-thigh to just above each breast. Bending over, she shifted her breasts until they were perfectly placed, nipples peeking between the laced seams. Light caught the diamond nipple ring. The white of her skin through the crossed lacing starkly contrasted with the leather's dull sheen.

Admiring herself in the mirror, Lena smiled seductively and pulled on a pair of black leather opera-length gloves. Denys had said nothing about gloves; reconsidering, Lena took them off. She might be able to get away with the nipple ring, but the gloves would be too obvious. She removed the pins that had kept her hair up during her bath and watched it tumble down, a cloud of light around her shoulders. She was ready.

The park was ten minutes away. Lena was grateful for the wool lining in her raincoat as she kicked through swirling piles of leaves. She saw the panther statues guarding the Third Street entrance and quickened her pace, but no one was waiting for her beneath their watchful gaze. Hugging herself, Lena looked around. Traffic noises broke intermittently through the sound of rustling leaves, but she was all alone.

"I want to do you up against a tree."

The voice came as a surprise; she hadn't heard approaching footsteps. She felt a silk scarf slipping down over her forehead, covering her eyes. She sensed Denys moving in front of her, blocking out light from the street lamp. She could smell the familiar scent that followed Denys wherever she went, the subtle fragrance of lemon verbena.

"Will you join me?" Denys asked.

Lena knew that with a single word she could bring the proceedings to a close even before they had properly begun. Despite her confused emotions, she sighed and said "Yes." Denys softly chuckled and led her into the shadowy woods.

The moon was a waxing crescent, casting scant light over the landscape. Leading the way, Denys held aside the larger branches. "Step lively, there's a stone," she said, directing Lena's footing.

Lena walked with tentative steps, the night air chilling the sweat on her body. Her leather dress stuck to her, pulling at the skin of her thighs as she tried to keep up with Denys.

They reached the clearing deep in the wooded area, surrounded by dense undergrowth and mature trees, still garbed in autumn splendor. A few scattered pine trees lent fragrance to the cool night air.

In the center of the clearing was a centuries-old oak tree, fully five feet in diameter, its roots exposed like crawling snakes at the base of its massive trunk. Lena could feel its presence even blindfolded.

Denys sat down on a large boulder. Brushing strands of hair away from Lena's face, she reiterated the rules of their game. "You will only speak when spoken to. However, if you say, 'freeze frame,' I will stop immediately and escort you home." The deep tone of her voice raised the hairs on Lena's arms. "Do you understand?'

"Yes."

"Take off your coat."

Lena stood and shrugged the coat from her shoulders; Denys caught it with one deft movement and draped it over the boulder. She led Lena to the immense tree, positioning her against its rough bark. Lena had a fleeting impulse to run as Denys opened her "bag of tricks."

It was a large brown leather satchel Denys had owned since her public school days in Britain. Lena had never been permitted to explore its dark interior, but she knew that it contained many instruments capable of producing pleasure and pain.

Denys took out a long length of thick rope. Knowing what was expected of her, Lena nestled her feet between the roots of the tree, and held her arms on either side of her body, waiting for the rope's bite across her wrists. The knots Denys tied were loose as she slipped them over Lena's hands, but tightened when she pulled the rope snugly around the tree trunk. The bark scratched a sharp welcome into Lena's outstretched arms as she tested the rope's give.

"Spread your legs," Denys commanded. Lena lifted her feet and placed them a shoulder's width apart. "Wider."

Lena positioned her legs as far apart as she could, rooting herself in the earth alongside the deep tendrils of the trees. She tightened her groin muscles against the delicate invasion of the cool night air.

"Good." Denys reached out to caress Lena's thigh, exposed between boot and dress. Her hand moved gently, brushing almost casually against the clenched labia

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hidden beneath the leather dress. Lena moaned. Heat seeped out of her.

"Open to me," Denys said quietly.

It took all Lena's powers of concentration to comply. She relaxed with a deep breath, her head falling to her chest as the tension in her cunt released. In an instant, Denys' fingers moved deep within the cavern of her cunt, drawing out moisture to slick the smooth channel between Lena's lips.

"You're so wet," she said. "One would think you like this, Lena. Do you?" Her fingers were creating slow circles around Lena's hardening clitoris.

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Yes!" Lena's reply sent a bird screeching angrily from its perch in a nearby tree. She blushed at Denys' amused laughter, waves of embarrassment engulfing her. Denys' two fingers, held tightly together, palpitated between her legs with increasingly rapid strokes. The beginning of a slow burn was inching its way across Lena's cunt. Leaning against the tree, Denys moved her hand fiercely on Lena's clitoris. Her fingers penetrated deeply to draw more of the slick inner fluid out to the excited clit. She rested her head against Lena's chest, listening to the frenetic beating of Lena's heart. Lena began to moan, softly at first, and then louder as Denys' hand increased its staccato rhythm.

Lena pulled at the restraints, thrusting her hips into the air. She flung her knees far apart to afford Denys better access. Denys lifted her head from Lena's breasts and with her lips close to Lena's ear, asked, "What do you want, Lena?" She knew full well the answer.

"Please, Denys," Lena pleaded. "Make me come." Denys' fingers became a blur in the darkness.

When Lena's trembling had subsided, Denys gently wiped the beads of sweat from Lena's face. Lena tried to kiss the hand caressing her and, failing that, simply rested her head against her shoulder. Her breath was forced between dry lips, her tongue too parched to speak.

Taking a water bottle from her bag, Denys drank a huge mouthful. She bent to kiss Lena and let it flow into her thirsty mouth. Rivulets ran down Lena's chin and neck, becoming trapped in the pool between her leather-bound breasts. Denys stooped to drink it. Her tongue probed between Lena's breasts and the leather minidress. When she reached the jeweled nipple, she stopped abruptly.

"What's this?" she asked and held it away from Lena's body at a sharp angle. "Very nice," she purred." I compliment you on your taste." Pulling loose the scarf, she looked into Lena's eyes. Her voice changed. "Or was it a gift?"

Lena looked down, too embarrassed to admit that she'd bought the ring pretending it was a gift from Denys. Better for her to think it a gift from a new lover.

Denys was flipping the bauble with seeming indifference. "I don't recall asking you to wear jewels tonight." She paused and a shiver of fear crawled up Lena's back. "Why did you?" She yanked on the nipple ring, causing Lena to cry out with pain.

"Be quiet!"

Lena swallowed with some difficulty, her mouth having suddenly become dry again. Denys untied the leather thongs holding Lena's dress together. Partially unlacing the grommets to the waist, she freed Lena's breasts.

Moonlight caught the sheen from the blade of a small knife as Denys withdrew it from her pocket. Holding it against Lena's battered flesh, she traced the impressions left by the grommet holes and leather, scraping slowly up and down against the skin. Lena's breathing grew shallow as she tried to keep her breasts from rising into the knife's edge.

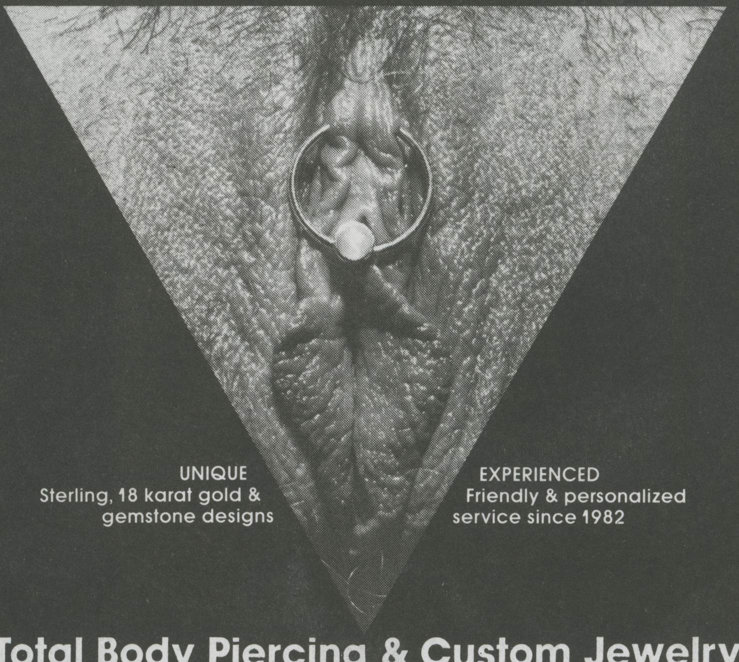
Denys threaded an end of lacing through the nipple ring and, pulling it toward her, completely unlaced one seam of the dress. The snaking leather thong popped free of the grommets and revealed flesh of thigh, cunt, belly, and breast as the dress opened but did not fall, trapped between the tree and Lena's stiff body. The night air caused goose bumps to rise on her stomach.

Quickly bored by the knife, Denys sheathed it and turned her attention to the offending breast, double looping the string through the nipple ring and wrapping its end around her wrist. Holding her arm at some distance from Lena's body, she teased the aching nipple with quick movements. A sob caught in Lena's throat. The pain was intense but not enough for her to say the phrase that would make it stop.

Denys grabbed the back of Lena's head and peered into her eyes. With one hand in her hair and the other pulling on her nipple, Denys watched the expression on Lena's face. Lena closed her eyes as tears burned on her cheeks. The woman standing before her with a breast rein in her hand snorted derisively.

"Next time I ask you to meet me for a scene in the park, I want you to follow my instructions exactly. Do you understand?"

RAELYN GALLINA



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instructions exactly. Do you understand?"

Lena nodded energetically.

"You will not wear any jewelry unless I ask you to. Do you understand?"

Again Lena nodded, her eyes still closed. In a hidden place deep inside her, she felt a shiver of delight. She couldn't resist challenging her captor.

"Can't I even wear earrings?" she asked timidly, wondering what Denys would deem a suitable punishment for this insubordination.

Using both sides of her hand, Denys slapped the extended breast rapidly & repeatedly. Lena's other nipple tightened into a little nut as the beating continued without pause.

The tender skin soon speckled dark red. Each whack of Denys' hand reverberated throughout her trussed body. By the time the slapping finally and abruptly stopped, she had lost count of the number of blows. She gasped at the sudden cessation of pain. Drawing ragged breaths, she tried to ease the pressure on her swollen breast by pulling her body away from the tree. Her tormentor recognized her intent and with one hand maintained the tension while the other stroked the flaming skin.

Each gentle touch was a new agony to Lena. She tried to escape by moving her consciousness deep within, but an inner voice kept insisting that she remain present and alert.

"Open your mouth," Denys commanded.

She tasted the salty bitterness of the leather. Her tear-streaked face closed into an expression of strong resolve. Denys reached into her bag, removed a bottle of lubricant, and smoothed some over her hands. The slithering sucking noise alerted Lena; the muscles of her cunt tightened of their own volition. This was what she really wanted, the reason she had come to be tied to the tree in the clearing. No one knew her body as well as Denys.

Opening her eyes, Lena met Denys' piercing gaze. Removing the leather from Lena's mouth, Denys came close and kissed her, lingering on full lips that parted sweetly. Their tongues met in a slow caress for several moments.

"You possess great courage, Lena." Denys whispered. "You give me much pleasure." She replaced the leather thong in Lena's mouth, gently pulling it between her lips to create a pleasurable tautness on the nipple ring.

Standing back to better view the bound woman, Denys ran her eyes up from the toes of the black leather boots to the pale skin of Lena's thighs and abdomen. Standing spread-eagled, Lena's hands disappeared beyond the edges of the tree trunk, her breasts held high by the tension on her arms. The leather thong pulled cruelly on the nipple ring attached to the badly bruised breast. Strands of her hair were caught on the tree, streaming around her head like the petals of a desert flower.

An old familiar desire rose within Denys. Dropping to her knees, she pushed her tongue between the hairy lips of Lena's cunt. Her arms wrapped themselves around Lena's hips as she burrowed into the wet flesh, her tongue swirling and sucking the erect clitoris.

Lena felt weak. Her legs were barely strong enough to hold her body upright as she opened herself to Denys' ministrations. She felt the tackiness of dried lubricant on Denys' hands as they grabbed the cheeks of her ass to better position her for the seeking tongue moving between the swollen lips of her vulva.

Pressing her cunt into Denys' face, she leaned back into the tree, ignoring the bark sticking into her body. Her head moving from side to side, she bit at the leather thong attached to her aching breast, increasing its pressure. Denys nibbled and sucked on her throbbing clit, swallowing the moisture that came from deep within her.

Waves of pleasure rolled through Lena's body, crashing against the pain emanating from her pierced breast and sore shoulders. The dull throbbing ache of her upper body was in tantalizing contrast to the sharp joy radiating from between her legs. A loud bellow sprang from her lips as she bucked once and

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orgasmed, great splashes of cum coursing down her thighs.

"Oh yes, feed me," Denys murmured as she lapped up the mighty flow. Her hands held Lena apart as she sought every drop, her tongue pushing its way into damp recesses. Lena wept as her body quivered and came again and again.

"You are so beautiful when you come, Lena." Denys ran her hand against Lena's lower lips, their moistness bringing to life the waiting lubricant. Planting small kisses on the trembling belly against her face, she wet the full expanse of her hand in Lena's damp well. Sliding three fingers inside the still quaking vagina, Denys began to gently thrust.

Lena let the leather thong fall from her mouth as she groaned with pleasure. This was the gift she really wanted from Denys. Diamonds paled in comparison to the intensity of feeling building inside her. She moaned loudly, disturbing the quiet, but all the birds had long since fled.

Carefully observant, Denys gauged her movements to Lena's level of arousal, first with three fingers and then with four. It was several minutes before she tucked her thumb, and her hand and wrist were encased by Lena's body, the protruding knuckle having finally slid through the vaginal portal with only the slightest difficulty. Lena gasped as the fingers inside her curled into a tightly clenched fist.

"Ahh," she moaned, the pain a passing memory as she opened herself to Denys. She felt as though she couldn't spread her legs wide enough; she wanted to somehow discard them, to wrench them from her so Denys could have easier access into her burning core.

"Ohhh, yes, yes," Lena cried out in the stillness of the clearing. "Don't stop."

It was an impossibility, as Denys' hand was trapped deep inside Lena's body. Small movements caused ripples of sensation that came crashing out as groans from her gaping mouth. Reaching up with a free hand, Denys caught the leather thong as it swung back and forth, abandoned as Lena gave herself over to mindless sensation. Gentle tugs added resonance to Lena's cries of pleasure.

Lena felt herself loosen and let go, the fluid of her orgasms flowing once more down her legs, following dried paths of earlier pleasures. She felt the strength of the tree supporting her. Denys' fist inside her made loud sucking noises as Lena propelled a seemingly unending stream onto the ground.

With each shuddering release she was brought closer to that nameless place where time and feeling merge into one. There were no boundaries to separate her from the person she truly loved, the one she wanted to be, the strong and powerful woman who waited at the edge of her dreams.

Perhaps it was a change in muscle tone, but Denys knew that a part of Lena had left the clearing. Denys continued the rhythmic motions that propelled the bound woman into another realm. She knew that any change in her pacing would bring Lena back, perhaps incomplete. She would simply have to wait out the journey unfolding beneath her hands.

Lena was standing in a featureless landscape. From just beyond the horizon, an old woman approached, her garments moving about her body as if caught in a fierce wind. She gestured toward Lena. "You are gifted with yourself," she said, her voice echoing across the plain. "Remember your strength is like a tree, steadfast through many a powerful gale."

Reaching out with bony craw-like hands, she followed the hard contours of Lena's body from feet to fingertips, leaving tingling traces where she touched the skin. Lena could feel energy coming up from her toes, moving along the lines drawn by the crone. She felt bright with the light, invigorated by the touch.

The crone gave a rasping laugh and faded into the mist, leaving Lena once again alone. Looking down at her own body, Lena felt as though she were a stranger to herself, although at the same time familiar.

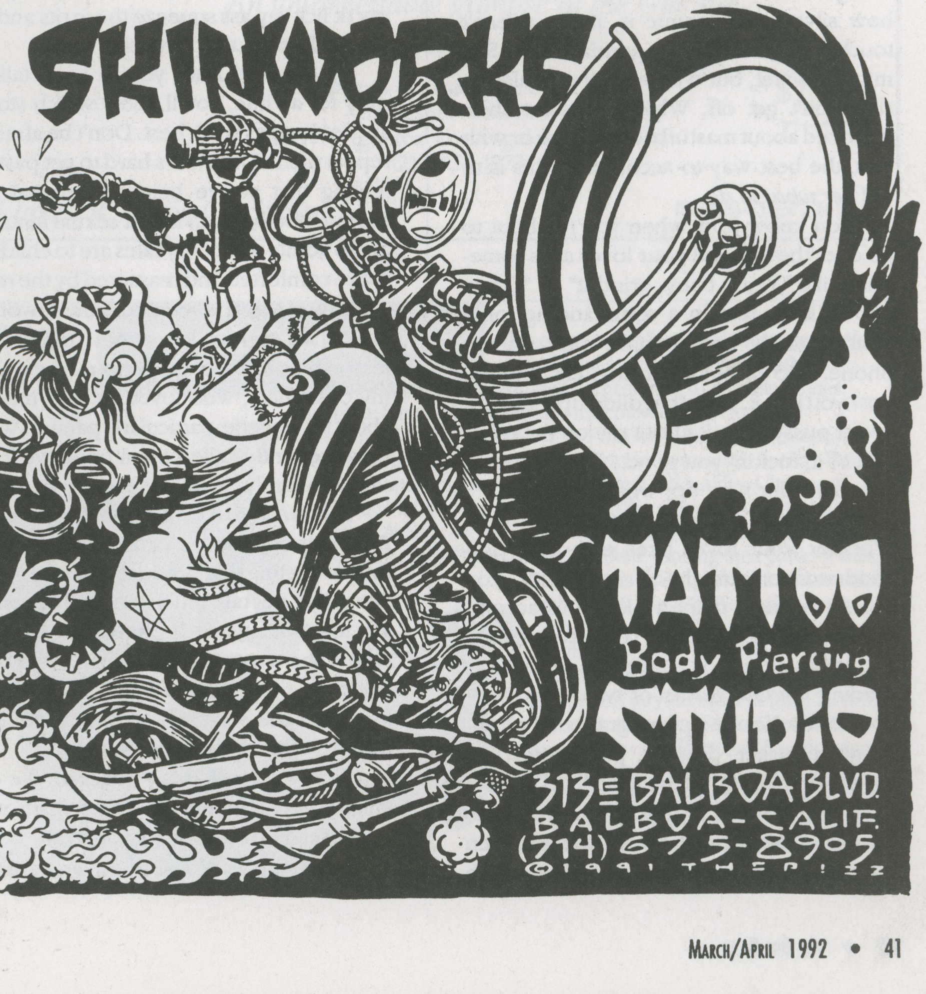
She felt herself to be firmly planted in the ground, her legs and arms extending the lines of the strength in her stance.

She became aware of a new rhythm beating between her legs, overriding the pounding heartbeat that had filled her senses. Remembering Denys, she said the words that brought the scene in the woods officially to an end.

It was but a hoarse whisper but the waiting woman heard each one distinctly as they resounded through the clearing. She first slowed and then gently withdrew her fist from Lena's limp body.

Denys used her knife to release Lena from the rope's restraints. Everything was thrown into the leather satchel as Lena struggled into her coat. Although obviously exhausted, her face was beatific in moonlight.

"You're very strong, Lena," Denys respectfully acknowledged. Then, carrying her as much as guiding her, Denys took Lena home. Δ



SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

And that's all we're really talking about here—communication. The telephone is an instrument of communication like the pen, the body, or the computer. The voice is also an instrument of communication. And I'm quite sure that I don't have to remind *On Our Backs* readers how important communication is in a sexual relationship.

So, assuming I've convinced you and you've gotten through your inhibitions, at least in your mind, here are Marlayna's tips for quality phone sex:

1) Know your audience. You have a distinct advantage over the professional phone sex operator, who has to intuit her customer's sexual tastes from very little information within minutes. But you *know* what your lover likes. Does she melt whenever you suck her tits? Then talk about doing it! Does she like it when you're dominant? Then dominate her! Slaps? Clap your hands once or twice—I guarantee she'll cream. (By the way, while the sound of a smack comes through the wires quite nicely, the same does not hold true for sucking or licking noises—these tend to sound sloppy, if not fake. On the other hand, holding the mouthpiece of the phone next to your wet pussy while you finger it can be quite effective.

2) Get her to do herself. I don't care how silver your tongue is, if she doesn't touch herself she's not gonna come. She might get wet, but without self-stimulation she won't get off. Whether or not she's inhibited about masturbating, alone or with you, the best way to accomplish this is to *tell her what to do.*

You know how when you're about to go over the top and your lover says something like "Yeah, baby, grind it" or "Come on, do it for me" in a commanding tone? That's exactly how to talk dirty on the phone. "Go on, girl, rub that clit. I know how you like it. Suck that dildo up into your sweet pussy. Think about me on the other end of it, fuckin' you good." This dovetails right into our next tip, which is…

3)Create strong visual images. Whether your lover likes elaborate psychodrama or straight-on sensuality, you should verbally paint a picture to accompany her masturbation. Your story-telling in this situation serves the same purpose as reading *On Our Backs* or watching *Bathroom Sluts*. You're a pornographer, baby—an artist, writer, director, psychiatrist, actress, and whore all wrapped up in one sexy voice. So do it! If you two are dominant/submissive, with you as the top, then tell the bitch to shut up and open her mouth for your dick. Bring in a third (or fourth and fifth) woman and force your lover to service cunt. If you're usually submissive, tell her all the things you'll do for her, then beg and plead for her to come in your mouth. If you've never explored this aspect of sexuality, the phone might be a less threatening milieu in which to do so.

Or maybe your girl has elaborate fantasies, like being kept in a harem with hundreds of women. Tell her the story, paying close attention to detail: clothing, behavior, activities. As with all good porn, the plot should titillate by slowly building to a rich and raunchy full-blown climax—and I do mean climax.

Another possibility is to use a past scene from your relationship that got her off. Maybe she watched your reflection in the mirror while you sat in front of her, teasing her clit with your strap-on. Or maybe she sat on top of you while you tickled her nipples. Whatever got her off then will probably do the trick again—all you have to do is recreate the scene with well-chosen words.

4) Talk DIRTY! While creating a vivid image is of paramount importance, almost as important is your choice of language—the dirtier the better. Forget vagina, breast, and dildo: it's cunt (or pussy), tit, and dick (or cock). It's fuck and suck and bite and rub. It's eat me baby grind your pussy bite my tit lick my ass squeeze those tits and get down dirty you fucking slut!

5) Repeat. After you've been talking dirty for awhile, you'll know which stories and/or images work best. Don't be afraid to repeat them. I know it's hard to get past the feeling that you're being unoriginal and boring, but the truth is that sexual fantasies are to adults what fairy tales are to children; we're comforted and reassured by the repetition, and it gives us a secure framework in which we can let loose and come. (This lesson was brought home to me by one of my customers, who loved to hear me talk about my lingerie, particularly panties. When I inadvertently called them underwear she said petulantly, "You have to say *panties*!")

6) Listen for Cues and Respond to Them. If she moans or breathes heavier, follow the line that produced the response. She might not talk much, but will occasionally toss out a word or phrase that tells you where she wants to go. You may have been about to put her in a hot tub when she mentions the shower—so switch your locale. In other words, be flexible.

7) She comes first. If you're the one talking dirty to get her off, then that's your purpose. You're gonna get hot, no doubt about it, but it would be selfish and cruel of you to subordinate her needs to yours. By all means, play with yourself as you talk dirty, using hand or vibrator or dildo—your mounting excitement will be transmitted through the wires. But wait for her to come first, then ask for whatever you need to finish off. If you can manage a simultaneous orgasm, you have my undying admiration—I've yet to achieve synchronicity on the phone (and only rarely in the flesh).

8) Integrate Talking Dirty Into Your Relationship. This is the big bonus. Exploring fantasies on the phone will ultimately enhance what you do in person. You'll loosen up, and you're more apt to find yourself talking dirty during sex. You might even break through barriers because you've approached previously forbidden or sensitive areas behind partial anonymity—after all, she never saw you blush when you confessed a desire to try nipple clamps.

9) Now Practice Your Lessons. Lie down in bed. Hold your vibrator to your clit. Pick up the phone. Dial her number. And let it rip.

Ah, I can just hear those hot wires sizzling all across America—music to Marlayna's horny ears. Δ

GOING DUTCH *(continued from pg 22)*

This topic is of particular concern to the Dutch people at this time because of the upcoming European Community, which will bring all the Western European countries together with one currency and free trade between them. Community laws are sure to be enacted, and will probably include some regarding sexually explicit materials. The ultimate impact on distribution of these materials is still unknown. While one currency and free trade will quickly open the door for greater distribution, it may slam shut just as quickly if censorship laws are enacted from conservative nations, such as the United Kingdom and Germany. The Dutch, by contrast, take great pride in their country's attitudes toward sexuality and sexual health—if they have one personality trait in common, it's a "live and let live" attitude. Thus, the European Community and its impact on censorship was a topic of conversation everywhere we went.

The Film Festival itself was a marathon of cinema, panels, parties, and conversation. Seven cinemas presented more than 1000 films, videos, and presentations brought together from every possible source. From Japan came a film about the underworld of homosexual prostitution; from Australia a depiction of an imaginary society in which secret homosexual cults exist; from Malaysia came visions of a young woman dressed in sarong and leather jacket attacking kitchen appliances with a whip. Films from the U.S. ranged from the subtlety of Katherine Hepburn in *Sylvia Scarlett*, to a more contemporary ode to the female kiss. It would be difficult to find any gay or lesbian films produced within the last five years which weren't screened.

Some 30 panel discussions took place during the days and after screenings, covering topics such as Greta Garbo's lesbian past, and homosexuality on television. A 105-page catalog contained essays on subjects such as cross-dressing, Catholic iconography in lesbian cinema, and film representation of ethnic minorities. Three tremendous parties were produced. An estimated 100,000 people attended, including local politicians and local and national media. It was, without question, the talk of the town.

Nan presented her "Hands-On" Lesbian Porn Workshop, which was held in a large room of the Women's Building. This building was squatted by dykes over 20 years ago and has been owned and run by dykes ever since. The three-story structure is of great pride to the lesbians of Amsterdam, and they will gladly give a tour to any interested party. The building contains more than 20 rooms, including two theater spaces and a cafe.

Twelve very curious and somewhat brave women took part in the workshop. A discussion of porn, porn production, and the outline for the six-hour day began the session. The schedule seemed simple: define an idea, write a script, decide who will direct, shoot, and act, film the scene, and then watch and discuss.

Almost immediately, the women chose their roles. Some had come with ideas and directing ambitions, some had brought their own video cameras, and still others just wanted to experience being in an erotic video. Two ideas were chosen for the videos: a non-sexual romp of eight naked women rolling over and moving about each other, and a graphic sex scene involving three women, dildo fucking, and light s/m. Three cameras were used during the filming of each scene. While the eight-woman romp was playful, light, and short, the graphic sex scene was a more serious attempt at video production, complete with mini-rehearsals, reshooting of scenes, and the almost gruel-

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ing stop-and-go momentum associated with movie-making. The participants got to experience the colossal amount of work involved in directing, shooting, and acting in sex videos. The actresses were sweating from head to toe and the camera women seemed permanently hunched in that "shooting" position.

The only tense moment occurred when the festival's official photographer arrived and wanted to shoot stills throughout the workshop, including during sex filming. The women were immediately on-guard. What would happen to the photos? Where would they be printed? Would the women be recognizable? They were concerned, as are most women, about their jobs, families, friends, and reputations. As all the women, including the photographer, worked through the unexpected conflict, they came to understand the single most difficult aspect of lesbian porn production—finding women who are willing to be sexually visible. The debate was finally resolved by an agreement allowing the women to view the photos and choose which ones could be used by the photographer.

The women excitedly viewed their final products. A lively discussion raised questions which have been part of lesbian porn production since its inception: How is lesbian porn defined? What separates it from straight-produced, girl/girl porn? What is its purpose and effect? Do women need porn? What do women want to see in porn? Should the sex be symbolic or graphic? How do we feel about men watching our porn?

Most of the women had hoped they'd be given answers from an "authority" and told the formula by which lesbian porn is produced. In the end, they realized there are no universal answers or formulas, that lesbians have a million ideas of what is sexy. The women found this concept exciting, and while they may not have been given the formulas they'd hoped to find, they were given something more important: a feeling of sexual self-empowerment and a new confidence in their own voices.

Following the workshop, nearly all the women met at The Festival Cafe. Typical of the European fondness for political and philosophical conversation, the cafe had been established especially as a gathering place for the duration of the festival. Over sparkling water or beer, discussion of the festival and workshop continued for hours. The Amsterdam gay and lesbian radio station was broadcast live from the cafe nearly all day and night. Many who attended the workshop were interviewed. Women who had come into it barely willing to say the word pornography were now speaking eloquently about the process, the excitement, and the issues. When one of the women was pressed by the rather straight-laced lesbian interviewer as to why lesbian women would want to produce or view porn, she answered in broken English but true *On Our Backs* style, "The hell, why not?!"

Cafe life was scintillating, but other nighttime pleasures in Amsterdam were equally tempting. The dance clubs were a joy—their familiarity immediately put me at ease, and after several nights of long conversation it was a relief to be in an atmosphere where talk was impossible. Fashion in these bars was similar to the black-leather-slightly-punk style, and the music was reminiscent of any American dance club. One difference, however, was that the walls were plastered with posters reading "And you thought coming out was the best thing that ever happened to you. Smirnoff."

Then there were the "coffeehouses." Although coffeehouses in Amsterdam do serve wonderful coffee, they also serve marijuana and hash, even providing the patron with a printed menu that includes Sensi, Columbian, and the local favorite, Rotterdam Spice. The whole experience—questioning a waiter as to the best selection of the day, ordering pot, being served an adorable little portion of my choice along with papers, then rolling a joint and smoking while gazing out a cafe window—was very nearly orgasmic.

All drugs are actually illegal in Holland, but the law is not enforced in the case of "soft drugs." This lax attitude, however, has not created a society of addicts, but just the opposite: most of the people we met in Amsterdam did not choose to indulge.

Another activity for the adventurous is an evening stroll through the world-famous red-light district. Somewhat hidden within the district and unknown even to many natives is the Amsterdam Sex Museum—not for the shy, or even slightly prudish. It consists of three floors which unabashedly celebrate the pornographic, including the original French translation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* an original De Sade manuscript, pornographic drawings of the 1500s, hippie-sex oil paintings of the 1960s, the first known erotic photos, chastity belt displays, and explicit photos of female dominants in action. The museum also houses the original tape of

Behind The Green Door, the first feature-length pornographic film, which ushered in the porn-on-videotape revolution, relegating the eight-milimeter loops to history.

I was struck by the fact that every style of art which has ever existed has erotic manifestations. For instance, as a child I remember that in my home there were civil war statues depicting bright blue- and red-coated porcelain soldiers in brave acts of battle. The Sex Museum displayed several of these very same statues, only the red and blue coated solders were having their way with the wenches of the time!

A framed anonymous quote hanging on one wall read, "There is no difference between erotica and pornography, save the use of a word in an attempt to make pornography acceptable to those who would not accept it. The difference between pornography and obscenity is wide. Obscenity violates the integrity of the subject."

Eclipsing all else in the red light district, of course, are the ladies of the evening. On street after street, neon-lit windows display beautiful women, while men go shopping for them the way Americans shop for merchandise in malls. Some windows display more than one woman, usually talking to each other. Others present solitary figures applying makeup or making eye contact with passersby. One woman dressed in beautiful white lingerie sat in a comfy, floral-patterned chair reading Anne Rice's *Queen Of The Damned,* stunning in beauty and mood.

There I stood, face to face with an opportunity to fulfil one of my oldest fantasies. In the end my nerve failed me, but since then that old fantasy has taken on a decidedly new twist.

Amsterdam, a city of night and light. A city called home by the most open and pro-sex lesbians on earth. A city created solely for artful conversation, unwavering decadence, explicit sex, and vivid fantasy. The perfect city in which to be a vampire. To step soundlessly along the damp brick streets, through the endless night, making my way to the lighted window of a beautiful woman who sits waiting in a soft chair. To pause only long enough at her window to admire the curve of her neck above the white lingerie which covers her breasts, before passing through the ornately carved door. . .

No, Dorothy, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore—or even San Francisco.Δ

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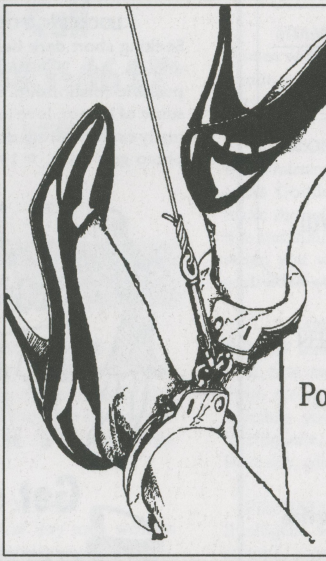

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NEWS FROM YOUR SAPPHONE MANAGER

For the first time ever On Our Backs has censored our ads. Some ads read choppy because I was forced to take out words that Jesse Helms doesn't feel are appropriate. ***Read Censorship Update*** *if you want to know more. It is this Sapphone manager's opinion that censorship attacks are modern-day witch hunts. Do something or it won't just be "dirty words" that we lose.*

FUN NEWS: *We are running Sapphone ads in other lesbian publications so you will be getting even more responses! The ads feature the 900 number. Women browse the Sapphone greetings to learn about you.* ***Be Seen!*** *Now you can be heard and seen. You can send us a photo to appear with your ad for the printing cost ($15). Face shots only, save the juicy ones for your first date!*

BUTCH / FEMME

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SEATTLE BUTCH SEEKS FEMME

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IOWA BUTCH SEEKS FEMME

Young butch seeks femme bottom for possible relationship. Not into heavy S/M, drugs, or heavy drinking. Loves leather, music, motorcycles, outdoors, and sweet sensitive young women. Cum and rub my bulge. Photo optional. ☎ 1203

LOOKING FOR BUTCH

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LOOKING FOR LOVE

GWF, 30, trains thoroughbred racehorses in Maryland. Looking for that special woman with whom to share life and love. No drugs or S/M. Don't know about butch/femme—I just love women. Please call! ☎ 1321

CENTRAL FLORIDA/ATLANTA

GWF, 35, strange poet, spiritual warrior, & renegade therapist; smart ass masochist and submissive (in bed only) seeks non-smoking soulmate 30+ for spiritual, sexual connection & possible life- long adventure. Let's create a miracle together. ☎ 1323

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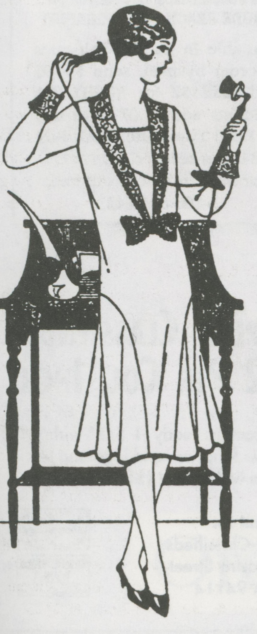

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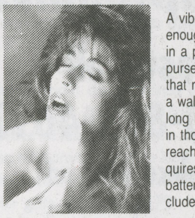

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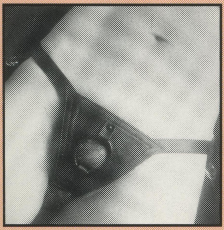

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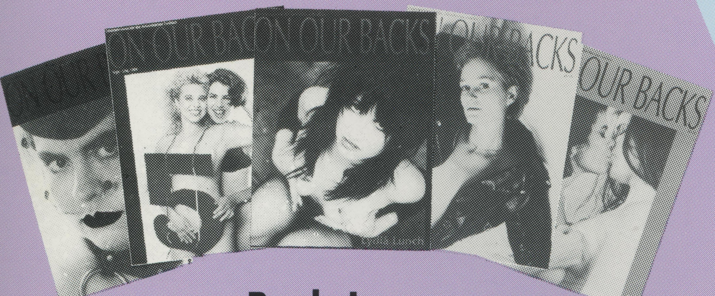

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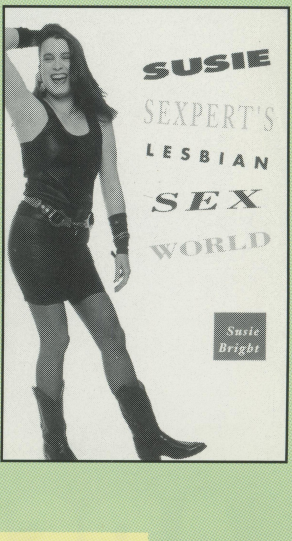

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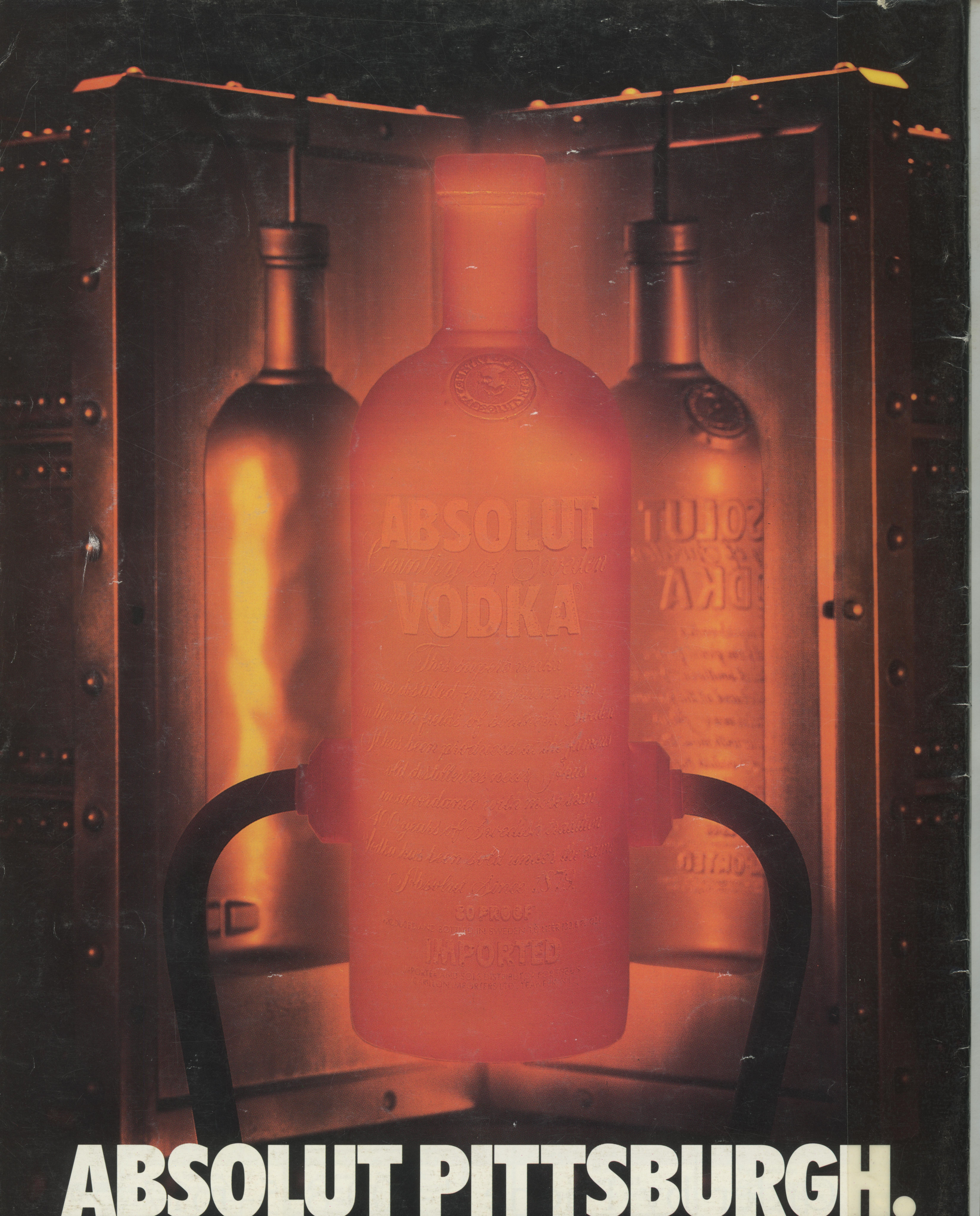
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